

also Moloch the Money Lender.

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JULE, THE JEWESS; Or, The Miser Millionaire.

BY DR. NOEL DUNBAR, — *Inghram*

AUTHOR OF "RUTH'S RIVAL," "THE BROKEN LINK," ETC., ETC.



"I AM KNOWN AS JULE, THE JEWESS."

Jule, the Jewess;

OR,

THE MISER MILLIONAIRE.

A Story of Ill-Omened Lives.

BY DR. NOEL DUNBAR,
AUTHOR OF "RUTH'S RIVAL," "THE BROKEN
LINK," ETC., ETC.

A PROLOGUE IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE FIRST.

THE INSULT.

"Out of the way, Jew!"

The words of the speaker were stern, the tone was insolent, and the manner haughty in the extreme, as he stood, gazing with burning eyes into the face of the one he addressed, a young man of gentlemanly bearing and dress, darkly-bronzed, handsome features, and the unmistakable stamp of the Israelite resting upon them.

The two stood upon a narrow foot-bridge that spanned a deep and swiftly-running stream, and to pass, without both falling into the dark waters beneath, would be a difficult feat to accomplish.

The one who gave the haughty command was the larger of the two, and confident of his athletic powers he was the tyrant of the University of which the Jew, as well as himself, were students, and few dared bar his way.

The son of a millionaire, proud of his lineage, and knowing little restraint, he had looked with contempt upon his comrades whom Fortune had favored less, and never before had deigned to notice the Jewish youth who now faced him upon the narrow bridge.

Upon either shore were several students watching the result of the meeting, for the stream ran through the grounds of the University, and the hours of leisure had come after the day of study.

"Mr. Lynde, I was first on the bridge, sir, and called to you," said the Jew, calmly.

"And did you expect me to heed your call, Adolph Hugo?" was the sneering response.

"Yes, as a gentleman," the Jew remarked, with firmness.

"Well, sir, whether you was first on the bridge or not, you must now retrace your steps," came the haughty demand.

"I do not fear you, Harold Lynde, and I will not yield, unless your brute strength forces me to do so," and there was not the shadow of fear in the face of Adolph Hugo, although he must have known the power and agility of his insulter.

"Then, by the Lucifer of Hades, into the stream you go."

With the words came an unexpected and stunning blow, and the Jew fell heavily into the dark waters that closed over his form, shutting it from sight, for he made no effort to save himself.

A cry of horror broke from the students upon either bank, and one sprang to his feet, from the velvety grass upon which he was reclining, book in hand, and plunged into the stream, and, with bold stroke swam to the spot where Adolph Hugo had gone down.

And, with white, but scornful, stern face Harold Lynde stood upon the bridge, his arms folded across his broad breast, and his eyes glaring down into the waters rushing so swiftly beneath him.

Eagerly upon the shores the students stood, watching the brave young man who had gone to the rescue, and in breathless silence they waited, as they saw him dive beneath the surface.

It seemed ages to these watchers ere he arose, and then, from a score of throats broke a glad cry, as he reappeared, bearing in his arms the form of Adolph Hugo.

A superb swimmer, though borne down by the heavy weight, he soon reached the shore, and laid the unconscious Jew upon the grass, taking various means to resuscitate him.

A dark bruise on the temple, and a cut on the brow, told that the telling blow of the young aristocrat had stunned him, and that his life would have ended there, but for the noble act of the student who had so bravely gone to his aid; but at last a shiver went through the frame, the heart heaved violently, and the eyes opened wearily.

"Ah! I remember; Harold Lynde struck me, and—"

"And Merton Wilbur saved you," interrupted one of the students who stood near.

"I did but as humanity prompted," remarked Merton Wilbur, a slenderly-formed, fine-looking youth of twenty.

Adolph Hugo uttered no reply, but a smile expressive of a world of thanks crossed his face, and he held forth his hand and grasped that of the one to whom he owed his life.

"Hal! hal! a pretty scene truly; you are not dead then, Jew, as I half-feared, but if you cross my path again as you did, there will be no doubt about it," and the dark, angry face of Harold Lynde peered upon the scene, while Adolph Hugo said, with strange calmness:

"No, Harold Lynde, I am not dead; but to Merton Wilbur I owe my life."

"A precious pair, 'pon honor; a Jew and a charity student united in bonds of lasting friendship."

"Harold Lynde, no gentleman would ridicule the poverty of the unfortunate," and Merton Wilbur faced the University tyrant, as the young aristocrat was called, with fearless mien and flashing eyes.

"What! do you, too, wish to feel the weight of my hand?" and the tyrant turned quickly upon the one he had termed a charity student, who answered, quietly:

"I do not fear you, sir."

"So the Jew said, and I left my mark on him."

"I warn you not to attempt to mark me," was the cool response, to the surprise, almost consternation of the assembled students, who knew well the great strength and ungovernable temper of Harold Lynde.

The words of the charity student at once proved like a match to a magazine, for, with a cry of rage, Harold Lynde sprang upon Merton Wilbur, but instantly measured his length upon the ground, for a stunning blow had met him full in the face.

Maddened, he arose, and again rushed upon the calm, smiling youth, who had so skillfully sent him to earth, and his attack was a second time parried, and once more he went down.

But again he arose, and a third time felt the weight of Merton Wilbur's hand, and with an effort staggered to his feet.

"When you tire of the sport, Lynde, say so, and I will cease punishing you," said Merton Wilbur, in a tone that made him a hero in the eyes of the lookers-on.

"I will have your life for this," shouted the maddened tyrant, and he drew a knife from his breast, and, wiping his bleeding face, again sprang to the attack, while a cry of horror broke from the lips of the assembled students, and Adolph Hugo started forward, as if to interpose himself between Lynde and the charity student.

"Stand back, all!"

The ringing words cut the air in a tone that checked the forward advance of the students, and the one who uttered them was upon Harold Lynde with the spring of a tiger.

Instantly the knife was wrenched from the hand that held it and cast aside, and then hot and fast the blows rained upon the handsome face and haughty head of Harold Lynde, until, bleeding and senseless, he sunk upon the grass, while, turning to the Jew, with the same cool manner he had shown throughout, Merton Wilbur said, kindly:

"Come, Hugo, you are yet weak, so I will give you my arm to your room, and Lynde's satellites will look after him."

And from that day the paths of those three, the Jew, his insulter and his defender, went different ways through life, for Merton Wilbur, the poor charity student, was expelled, Adolph Hugo left the University of his own free will, and Harold Lynde remained to brave out his shame and defeat.

But not one of the trio, so strangely brought together forgot the day or the deed.

SCENE SECOND.

THE WRECK.

It was a stormy night on the New England coast, and a small steamer was struggling with wind and wave, on her voyage from port to port, an accident to her machinery having delayed her greatly.

Suddenly, as though to prove that troubles never come singly, there was heard a loud crash, and once more the machinery was wrecked, and the steamer received a wave on board that swept its deck resistlessly.

At once all was confusion, for all knew that they were at the mercy of the storm, and the wild waters and fierce winds made the craft tremble and creak in every timber, while knowing ones shook their heads ominously, for they knew that they were rapidly drifting upon a

lee shore, and if they did not soon strike upon the rocks, the steamer must go to pieces.

In the midst of the excitement in the ladies' cabin, one person seemed to have a cool head and keep his nerves in perfect command, for he went from one to the other of the frightened women and children, fastening around them life-preservers and bidding them not give up hope.

At length he stopped in front of a young girl, who had sunk down in an easy-chair, and held in her hand a small sachel of valuables she had hastily taken from her trunks.

The eyes of the two met, and the young man, for he looked scarcely more than twenty, seemed to feel some strange thrill in his heart as he gazed down into the youthful, beautiful face, and heard her low words:

"Oh, sir! you are so kind to us all, for I have watched you; but, is there no hope?"

"Oh yes, for the steamer seems quite staunch yet, and if we strike we can take to the boats; keep up courage and hope for the best," he said, with an assuring smile, as he fastened a life-preserver around her slender, graceful form, and, with another look into her glorious eyes, and a sigh, turned away to cheer others near.

After him her eyes also followed, and there was something in his manly, noble, though beardless face that seemed to fascinate her, and yet a something she read there that brought to her lips too a sigh.

And still on the steamer drifted with wave and wind, rolling, pitching, creaking so loud that it sounded like shrieks of despair, and now and then struggling so hard that it seemed as though she would never rise from beneath the weight of waters hurled upon her.

All that men could do, her crew did, aided by a few passengers; the anchors were let go, but the cables parted, and nearer and nearer the dark coast, upon which the sea beat with terrific roar, the vessel drifted, and soon the end must come, for either the waters would break her in pieces, or she must strike.

The boats were gotten ready and manned, and then in awe and breathless silence all awaited the end.

It soon came; first a sudden shock that threw all down, then a mightier one, and a fearful crash, and the end had come.

The boats were useless, for they were torn away by the washing, surging waters, with only a few strong men clinging to them, and a mass of humanity were struggling for life in the relentless sea.

Just as the shock came, the maiden before spoken of felt a strong arm encircle her waist, and heard in a calm voice:

"Come, I will save you, if there is a chance for life."

She yielded herself to him, and out upon the lee guard he led her, where a small raft, made of doors and blinds, securely lashed together, had been hastily constructed and made ready to launch.

But upon it were two burly seamen, getting ready to launch it, and thereby save themselves.

"Hold! men, I made that raft and it will hold but two; would to Heaven it would save more," cried the young man.

"We care not who made it; ther two it saves will be us; cut her loose, Jack," answered one.

"Hold! leave that raft, and take your chances with the others, but this lady shall be saved if in my power to do so," said the young man, sternly, while the maiden clung to him, trembling, wondering how it would all end, and hoping.

"We will not give it up," said the other seaman.

"Oh, sir, let me meet my fate, and you go with them, for it will hold three," she cried.

"No, barely two; leave that raft or you die!"

The last order rung out threateningly and a pistol was thrust forward in the hand of the speaker.

The two seamen saw their danger, and like maddened beasts, driven from what they believed might make their own, they sprang forward to grapple with the daring man who confronted them.

Then came, mingling with the howling winds and washing waters, two sharp reports, and the seamen fell heavily to the deck, and a vicious wave washed them into the sea.

"Come, the steamer is rapidly going to pieces," cried the man who had taken life to save life, and he placed the maiden on the raft, secured her there by passing a rope around her waist, and the next instant, the fastenings that held it to the guard being severed, they were

afloat on the wild waters, which were dotted with human forms and the debris of the wreck, and from which arose shrieks for help, and cries to God for mercy, appalling to the ears that heard them.

Well made, though constructed amid such danger, and in haste, the little raft swept on until it was pitched upon the beach; but the man was prepared for this, and having freed the maiden from the rope that held her, seized her in his arms, and, after a hard struggle, reached a place of safety, where they were met by brave fishermen of the coast, who were doing all in their power to save life.

Up to a humble fisher-cot he led her, and leaving her in charge of a kind-hearted woman, went back to aid in the rescue, and, with others, toiled through the long hours of the night, until the death-list, which at first seemed to swell so large, was greatly decreased.

The next day the two, the brave young man and the maiden, stood together at a small way station, awaiting the train that was to bear them homeward.

"You telegraphed your father, you say, that you would be on immediately?" he asked.

"Yes, I thought it best, and telegraphed while you returned for my sachel."

"A telegram for Miss Isabel Lynde; is she here?" called out the station agent.

"Yes, that is my name," and the maiden took the dispatch and read it quickly, while she said aloud in a joyous tone:

"My father will meet me at the Junction, sir."

But she gazed into a face that was livid, and asked anxiously:

"Are you ill, sir?"

"No; a momentary faintness, Miss Lynde; but may I ask if you are the daughter of Mr. Andrew Lynde, the millionaire?" he said in a tone that was suppressed.

"Yes, sir."

"And the sister of Harold Lynde?"

"Yes; he is at the University, and I am just returning home from boarding-school; do you know my brother, sir?"

"Yes, Miss Lynde; but here comes the train, and I must leave you."

"Leave me! why, I thought that you were going on to New York with me?" she asked, in disappointed surprise.

"No, I shall remain here yet awhile."

"But I have been so remiss, for I know not even your name, and I owe to you my life; and oh! you have been so brave, so noble, and so kind to me, and we must be the best of friends."

She grasped his hand, and the tears came in her beautiful eyes; but his answer sent a chill to her heart:

"No, you and I can never be friends, Miss Lynde, for you are a Christian, I am a Jew."

She strove to reply, but the train had stopped, the wrecked passengers and crew of the steamer were hurrying aboard, and pressing her hand, he turned away, muttering:

"She, a Christian, I, a Jew."

CHAPTER I. THE MILLIONAIRE.

SLOWLY the Swiss clock on the mantle tolled the hour of twelve at night, and out of their sentinel-boxes came the two toy buglers, and blew their clear ringing notes, startling the only occupant of the room, who sprung to his feet with an impatient exclamation, though days and nights for several years he had heard the fanciful timepiece strike the hour.

It was a sumptuous room that he sat in, Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, and though he called it his "den," it was a gilded one, for velvet chairs lured to repose, innumerable books filled the carved shelves, a soft carpet, of some rare pattern, silenced the tread of the feet, and all around was evidence of a fat purse to supply a luxurious and refined taste.

And from basement to attic in the millionaire's grand mansion there could be seen the same air of luxury and elegance, while his grounds were an Eden of beauty, and his stables filled with blooded animals and elegant equipages.

So circumstanced it was no wonder that men envied Andrew Lynde his vast fortune; that Isabel, his beautiful daughter of eighteen, was the belle of her set, and sought by scores of admirers, and Harold Lynde, just graduated from college, and "finished" by a European tour, handsome, superb in manner and dress, and the heir to vast wealth, was considered the best "catch" of the town, by designing maters, and sought after by the fast bloods of society.

And yet, had "the world" seen Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, as he sat that night in

his easy-chair, apparently asleep, but only too wide awake, and gazed into his white, haggard face, it would not have envied him.

At the stroke of twelve he sprung to his feet, and mechanically glancing at his gold watch, he muttered:

"It is the time Harold said he would be back again with old Quilp— Ha! there is the sound of his wheels now," and going to the window he drew aside the silken curtains and glanced without, while he continued:

"Yes, it is the boy, and Ezra Quilp is with him; but they come in a hack, and not in Harold's buggy."

Going to the front door he opened it, and in walked a person whom the reader will remember as a University student, that was a participant in a scene that was certainly not an enviable one.

"Ah! Quilp, I am glad to see you; come in, and excuse my sending for you, but it is important; give us a glass of wine, Harold," and the millionaire motioned the visitor to a seat.

"Mr. Quilp can help himself; I do not wear livery yet, father," was the haughty response of the young man, who had improved in appearance, if not in manners, since his meeting with Adolph Hugo, the Jew, two years before at the University.

"Oh, certainly; I am accustomed to wait on myself," said Ezra Quilp, a small, wiry man, dressed in deep black, and wearing a white cravat that gave him a clerical look.

His face was strongly marked, but the ruling passion of greed was the strongest stamp upon it, and a reader of human nature who diagnosed his features would have pronounced him a miser, and a man who made God his God, and held no other aim in life but to hoard it up.

Soul he had none; at least it did not shine out from his face, which is the mirror of the soul; heart he certainly knew of only as a function to keep life's pendulum swinging, and mercy to a debtor he had never been known to show.

With no family ties he lived alone in an old brick house in the edge of the city, and which was said to be haunted until he moved there.

"Well, Quilp, as Harold will not help us, step up to the sideboard and help yourself; there is sherry, and this is port, and if you need liquors they are in those decanters."

Quilp always drank a good glass of wine, at the expense of any one else, and helped himself generously, while the millionaire settled himself back in his chair, and Harold Lynde, with a stern face, yet scornful smile, leaned against the mantle with his arms folded across his breast.

It was a strange trio, and strange thoughts were flitting in the brain of each.

CHAPTER II. THE SACRIFICE.

"Now, Mr. Lynde, may I ask if you sent for me to pay me the money due on your notes I hold?" asked Ezra Quilp, as he took a seat on the opposite side of the table from the millionaire.

"On the contrary, Quilp, I need more money from you," said Andrew Lynde, bluntly.

"On what security?" was the quiet question.

"Look here, Quilp, I have been fighting off misfortune for three years, and to-day, when Harold, the wild spendthrift that he is—"

"Spare comments on Harold Lynde, please," broke in the youth.

"Well, when he came to me for fifteen thousand dollars, to pay gambling debts, I frankly told him that I had lost heavily some time ago, but had saved my credit before the world, by getting from you secretly, on my notes, secured, by certain properties mentioned in them, the money I needed to carry me along."

"Now those notes, as you know are due, and I wish to renew them for six months, and get a larger advance."

"On what security?"

"Why, man, you hold my notes for a million and a half dollars, and the property securing them is worth treble that, and I could have gotten from the bank nearly the value of it."

"Why did you not?"

"I did not wish it known that I needed money, and you pledged yourself never to speak of it."

"Nor have I."

"Well, renew the notes and give me more money."

"I have given you just fourteen hundred thousand dollars; you owe me that sum and the interest on it; what did you do with all that money, Mr. Lynde?"

"Lost the greater part of it in those accursed railroad speculations, and Harold can account

for one-tenth of it in the past two years, while you know I am not economical."

"You are all very extravagant, and—"

"Hold on, Ezra Quilp; if you value that little body of yours, you will make no comments upon my father or his family," and stepping quickly forward, Harold Lynde dropped his hand upon the miser's shoulder with a force that made him cry out:

"Oh, pardon me, sir, but I meant no wrong."

"Guard your tongue then in future," and Harold returned to his place by the mantle, while his father said:

"Don't be hasty, my son; Mr. Quilp spends so little money himself that he cannot understand how we can live as we do; now, Quilp, renew those notes for me."

"You can pay the interest due?"

"No, for I have not ten thousand dollars in bank."

"Then I cannot renew them."

"You must."

"No."

"Would you ruin me?"

"Yes."

"Ha! you are then plotting to destroy me?"

"Yes."

"You frankly confess it?" said the astounded millionaire, while Harold again stepped forward with menacing gesture.

"Do you remember, Andrew Lynde, when we were boys together?"

"Yes."

"I was poor, you rich, and you won from me the woman I loved."

"I did not; she preferred me to you, or, if I remember, you became engaged to her, and then mysteriously left home," said the millionaire, nervously.

"Yes, I left home; but your money bought hirelings to kidnap me one day, and carry me on board of a vessel bound to China."

"It was more than a year before I returned, and I found Grace Talbot your wife, Andrew Lynde."

"But I smiled sweetly, to hide my heart's bitterness; I made no sign that one of your hirelings had told me of your treachery, and in secret nursed my hatred and my revenge, and I have it now, for your notes go to protest to-morrow."

In a quiet, sinister way Ezra Quilp, the miser, had spoken, and both the millionaire and his son had glared upon him, the one in horror, the other in dumb amazement at the story he told.

The millionaire knew that the miser told the truth; the son suspected that he did so, and both felt that he held them in his power, and, gazing upon the face of the man before them, they knew to hope for mercy was useless.

A proud, overbearing man had Andrew Lynde ever been, and his son was strangely like him.

Money had been his power, and without it he knew that he must grovel in the dust.

Speculation had trebled the fortune he had inherited, and speculation, which he indulged in with the same fascination that Harold Lynde played cards, had led him to his ruin.

Death almost would be preferable to ruin and poverty, and yet the latter seemed to be the only alternative, for the millionaire, in giving his notes for ready money, feeling confident of redeeming them, and that no other eye than Ezra Quilp's would ever see them, had so worded them, that if protested, they would give the miser full claim to all of his property.

"Well, Andrew, what have you to say?" asked the smiling Quilp, as the millionaire, livid, silent and trembling sat before him, avoiding the angry eyes of his son, who regarded him as the destroyer of his future inheritance and happiness.

"Before God! Quilp, I know not what to say," groaned the millionaire.

"If I push you to the wall you are ruined," suggested the miser.

"Alas! too true."

"But you will have mercy; you will not go to extremes; see, my father is a gray-haired man," and the tone of Harold Lynde, for the first time in his life, was pleading.

"Much you have cared for your father's gray hairs, Harold Lynde," was the sharp retort.

"Oh, yes, hit hard, for you have the power now."

"As your father and yourself have ever done when you had the power; but, come, the night wanes, what are you going to do about it, Lynde, senior and junior?"

"I have half a mind to end the matter by—"

"What?" asked Quilp, as Harold made a step forward.

"By taking your life, and casting your body out to the prowling dogs," was the savage rejoinder.

But Ezra Quilp showed no sign of fear, but smilingly replied:

"As you please, Harold Lynde; your fortune would go, all the same."

"Hail you have let the notes go out of your hands?" cried the millionaire, in alarm.

"No, I have them safe; but, in case of my death, there is one who will know what to do."

"Great God! I am utterly undone, and ruin has come upon me," groaned the millionaire, burying his face in his hands, while his son, with white face and moody brow, paced to and fro.

With an exultant smile, Ezra Quilp gazed upon them, enjoying their misery for awhile; then he said, calmly:

"There is a way out of your trouble, Andrew."

"In God's name, tell me what it is," cried the millionaire, while his son stopped in his walk and gazed eagerly at the miser.

"You, Andrew Lynde, ridiculed me as a boy, beat me, wronged me cruelly, and stole my intended bride from me."

"Grace is in her grave and I say no word against her, but you, I will make feel that I am now your master—"

"Villain, how dare—"

"Hold on, Harold Lynde, I was not fool enough to come into the lion's den unarmed."

The young man stepped back with a muttered oath, for there was that in the miser's face that told him he would use a weapon if need be.

"I was poor then, Andrew, you rich," continued the miser; "I am rich now, and you poor."

"Your son has pointed me out as a miser, when he was a mere boy, and since he has grown to manhood, he drove over me in the street, and never stopped to see what harm was done."

"For months I lay up with a broken leg, and in all that time I nursed my revenge, and now I have it, for, Andrew Lynde, Ezra Quilp will ruin you, and drive you into the streets, unless you do as he requests."

"In God's name tell me what that is?"

"I simply ask to make your daughter, Isabel, my wife."

The millionaire sprung to his feet with a cry of rage, and Harold Lynde again threateningly advanced upon the miser, but halted suddenly as Ezra Quilp leveled a pistol at his heart.

Thus the three, for one instant, formed a striking tableau, which then was broken by the miser saying:

"Well, you know my terms; give me your daughter, and you receive back your notes, for I give that large sum for her; refuse, and into the streets you all go."

"Never, so help me God! my tongue would blister did I ask the sacrifice of her," cried the millionaire.

"Then pay those notes to-morrow, or you are beggars all of you! Good-evening, gentlemen."

"Hold on, please, Mr. Quilp."

All started, and turned to behold Isabel Lynde standing before them, her opera-cloak around her shoulders, and in full evening dress, for her escort had left her at the door but a short while before.

Transcendently beautiful she looked, though her face was ashen pale, and her lips quivered; yet her voice was firm, as she said:

"Father, I meant not to listen, but I overheard, as I passed the door, that which forced me to do so, and I know all."

"Mr. Quilp, you honor me, sir, by appraising me so highly, and in return I can but say that I accept your terms and will be your wife."

"Isabel!" cried Harold Lynde.

"My child!" groaned the millionaire.

"No remonstrance, father; I know that you, and my brother Harold, love gold as much as does this man whom men call Quilp the Miser."

"He has you in his power, your fortune in his grasp, and I sell myself to him for the notes he holds."

"You are a nice young lady, Miss Isabel, and I thank you."

"The notes I return to you to-morrow at two o'clock, when I shall call with a clergyman to secretly unite us."

"Then I take my leave, and in three months shall return to claim my bride, and the world need not know of our former marriage, and scandal thereby be avoided."

"You are kind, sir," said Isabel, with a sneer, but she added quickly:

"I shall be ready."

"Why not wait the three months, if it must be?" eagerly cried the millionaire.

"No, the notes are due to-morrow, and they go into Miss Lynde's hands with the end of the ceremony; remember, at two to-morrow I will be here; good-night."

Ezra Quilp turned away and left the room, and a moment after the hack in waiting at the door was heard to roll rapidly away.

Then Isabel Lynde tottered to a seat, and sinking into it cried:

"Father, mine is the sacrifice yours and Harold's the gain, for gold is not my god as it is yours; but the die is cast, and so let it be."

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSASSIN.

So anxious had Harold Lynde been, not to be seen in company with Ezra Quilp, that he had sent his own vehicle home, and seeking the home of the miser had taken him to Lynde Manor in a public hack.

In this the miser had returned to a point near his home, and there dismissing it, for the first time in many years paying the fare without trying to get it reduced, and grumbling about it, had walked with rapid step through the weed-overgrown grounds surrounding the old brick mansion where he lived.

All was darkness in and around it, not even a friendly light glimmering in the window to welcome him home, for he was saving of oil; but he let himself in with a key he carried, crossed the large hall, that gave back a hollow echo even to his cat-like tread, and ascended to the floor above.

A second key let him into his rooms on the left of the upper hall, and a lamp was soon lighted, revealing the miser's quarters.

Meager in furniture they certainly were, for a table with papers upon it, a chair and an iron safe were all the articles visible, while through the door, dividing the front and back rooms, were an iron cot, a table, and a few cooking utensils upon the hearth.

Placing the lamp upon the table, Ezra Quilp unlocked his safe, took out a roll of papers, and seated himself in his uncomfortable chair, and began to glance them over, while he muttered:

"It seems a large sum to pay for her; but I love her as I hate them, for she was kind to me when a little girl; and I will get all back, for the old man speculates recklessly now, and the young one gambles nightly, and they will come to me for money, and again be beggars, and I have Isabel and all, while I predict that Andrew will kill himself, when his riches have fled, and Harold will commit some crime that will make him fly the country, or go to prison."

"Hail hail! Ezra Quilp, you have played your cards well, and now hold a hand full of revengeful trumps."

"Hail hail! who suspects the old beggarly miser to be worth millions, and the millionaire of being a beggar?"

And thus the gold-loving, revenge-doting man mused on aloud to himself, little dreaming that there was one on his track, than whom a bloodhound was more merciful.

Up the vine-clad balcony that one had climbed, and along the roof he had crept silently as a cat would have done.

Then through the windows of the back room he had peered, and the door between being open he had seen the miser seated at his table.

With the skill of an expert cracksman, and as noiselessly, he had slowly raised the window, and then stepped within, and crept nearer and nearer his victim, for the wind moaned without, and rustling branches and vines against the balcony, drowned any suspicious sound that might have reached the ear of Ezra Quilp, even had he not been deaf to everything while gloating over his triumph.

Nearer and nearer crept the assassin, until he crossed the threshold of the open door, and then his hand was raised above his head for the fatal stroke, and in it gleamed a naked blade.

But suddenly, instead of dealing the fatal blow he uttered a startled cry and turned, as the knife dropped to the floor, for a hand had grasped his arm from behind.

Springing to his feet, Ezra Quilp turned, a pistol hastily drawn from his breast, and seeing his midnight visitor, cried:

"Harold Lynde! you an assassin?"

But Harold Lynde made no reply, for his eyes were fixed upon a form that stood in the open door between the two rooms, and, unheeding the remark of the miser, he cried:

"In Satan's name! who are you?"

The answer came in a rich, musical voice, yet decided:

"I am one who has saved you from becoming an assassin, for I followed you here."

And upon the speaker the miser's eyes also turned, and he, too, cried:

"You, a woman, saved my life?"

"Yes."

"Again I ask, who are you?" almost gasped Harold Lynde, seemingly more impressed at her presence, than that he had been thwarted in his fell purpose.

In the same rich tones came the answer:

"I am known as Jule, the Jewess."

CHAPTER IV.

JULE, THE JEWESS.

FOR full a moment after the maiden had told the miser and Harold Lynde who she was, the two men stood gazing upon her.

Beautiful she certainly was; though scarcely more than seventeen her form was rounded into perfect womanhood, and the seal of her race had been but lightly stamped upon her exquisite features, so slightly, in fact, that few would have believed that the blood of the children of Israel coursed through her veins.

Her eyes seemed to possess the power of fascination, for they held both the miser and the young aristocrat as though under a spell, and, as she stood with her superb form drawn proudly up, her right hand, which had grasped Harold Lynde's upraised arm, still extended, her snowy-white dress clinging around her, and her hair, unbound and hanging in jetty masses to her ankles, she was indeed a superb creature, one to love and one to fear, and the intended assassin cowered before her gaze, for he felt that she seemed to read his thoughts.

At last the miser, who, whatever might be his greed for gold and revenge-warped nature, certainly possessed nerve, broke the silence.

"You say that you are known as Jule, the Jewess?"

"Yes."

"Ah! it had escaped my memory; you are one of the Jewish family to whom I let part of my house to-day?"

"Yes."

"It was the most fortunate act of my life to rent those rooms, for thereby I saved my life, and the aristocratic and elegant Mr. Harold Lynde was saved from the gallows, for murder will out; but I thank you, my beautiful child, for the life you saved, and remember that Ezra Quilp, miser and usurer, is your friend."

"I care for no friendships, sir; all I love in this world are within a few steps of me across the hall, and little dreaming that I have prevented a tragedy beneath this roof."

"But I was wakeful and sat by the open window of my room, and saw you come in; then I saw a form skulking behind you, and next I saw it upon the roof of the balcony, within a few feet of me."

"I had heard that you kept gold here, and I suspected the one who dogged your steps to be a robber, not a murderer; but impulse made me open my blind and step out on the roof and follow him, and then I saw that his hand was raised to kill, and I grasped it, but I expected not to find in an intended assassin Mr. Harold Lynde."

The young girl had told her story frankly, in her full, musical voice, but in her tone, and upon her lip, as she spoke the name of Harold Lynde, was an expression of scorn at the act he had intended to perpetrate, and seeing it, he said, quickly:

"What! you know me, then?"

"Yes."

"By Heaven! I knew that we had met before, but when or where I cannot now recall."

"It matters not when or where, sir; we part now, and forever," she said, haughtily, and turning to the miser she continued:

"Do you wish me to further serve you by going for an officer to deliver your intended murderer and robber over to?"

Harold Lynde, crushed by the discovery of his act, stood like one dazed at her words, and, as the miser still held his pistol ready for use, and at heart he had a cowardly fear of death, he turned a piteous, pleading glance upon him to await his reply.

In a calm, thoughtful way it came:

"No, thank you, I will not trouble you, and more, I will beg that you let this affair remain a secret between us, for I will relieve Mr. Lynde of one charge you make against him—that of robbery, though I may be wrong in doing so."

"To kill me he came here, and, for fear of accidents, I will tell you why, young lady."

"Not not not! I beg of you, Quilp!"—began Harold Lynde, but the miser broke in sternly with:

"Silence! You have no right to ask mercy of me," and again turning to Jule, the Jewess, as she had called herself, he continued:

"I hold the property of Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, in my hands; but to-morrow I re-

lease him of his indebtedness to me by secretly marrying his daughter Isabel.

"Now, young lady, I beg that you will keep this secret too, unless harm befall me before two o'clock to-morrow, and then you will know why Ezra Quilp met with his death, and that this man, Harold Lynde, whom I now set free, was my assassin."

Earnestly the young man turned his gaze upon the beautiful Jewess; but she said coldly: "Not being interested in Mr. Lynde and his affairs, the secret may remain a secret if so you wish it; good-night."

Without another word she turned and swept into the back room, and gazing after her, they beheld her gather her sweeping skirts around her, step through the low window out upon the roof of the balcony and disappear.

Then the eyes of the two men met, and, with his sinister smile, the miser said:

"Mr. Lynde, it is nearly dawn, and I seldom keep late hours."

"Show me out of your accursed old rookery, and I will gladly leave it," was the savage reply.

"Doubtless; but I am no liveried servant to show you out, sir; you found your way in, leave as you came, like a thief in the night."

"Ezra Quilp, you shall one day rue this night."

"Those who are threatened, my dear Harold, are long-lived; but go, and tell your father how your murderous little plot to kill me, and, as I now believe, to get hold of the notes, and thereby save your riches and your sister from becoming my wife, was thwarted by a young girl, who calls herself Jule, the Jewess."

"Oh, if I but dared," hissed the young man, clinching his fist.

"But you don't for I am a dead shot, my only extravagance being the waste of powder in pistol practice; and besides, there is a man within call, for one belongs to the Jewish family across the hallway, and, if the Jewess possesses such courage as you to-night saw, the Jew might prove more than a match for you if my aim failed."

"Curse you, Ezra Quilp! but I swear to you that one day we will stand on an even footing, and then you will sue in vain to me for mercy."

"You do not act with Christian spirit, Harold, for I spare you, when I could send you to prison; but go, for I wish to be alone."

"Let me leave by the door."

"I will not; go as you came, and before the daylight comes to show passers-by the elegant Mr. Harold Lynde, clambering down from the balcony of Miser Quilp's rookery."

"One word: do you think that that Jewess will betray me?"

"No!"

"Why do you believe in her word not to do so?"

"Instinct teaches me to place trust in her; if she does, I can swear that it is not true, that you came to my room by invitation, on a business matter, and that will settle it, for I care not to have my intended brother-in-law sent to prison; now go!"

With a muttered oath, and words, the purport of which the miser did not catch, Harold Lynde turned and crossed the room to the open window.

Stepping out upon the roof, he beheld a white form not ten feet distant at another window, and knew that the eye of Jule the Jewess was upon him.

"You and I shall meet again, fair Jule," he said, aloud, and swinging himself over the roof he dropped to the ground, and crossing the weed-grown yard sprung upon his saddle-horse in waiting, and dashed away like the wind, his brain and heart on fire with the emotions that overwhelmed him at the thwarting and discovery of his heinous plot to kill the miser and save the honor and riches of his family.

CHAPTER V.

THE MISER'S TENANTS.

"THE Jewish family," as Ezra Quilp had called them, had moved into their new quarters, fortunately, as it proved for their landlord, the very morning previous to the eventful night described in the foregoing chapters.

A young man had called the day before and asked if he would rent the upper half of his house, which, with the wing on that side, consisted of four rooms, and, as a fair price was offered, the miser had readily consented, for, never before had he found any one willing to live in the place, the dread of its being "haunted" having deterred many a tenant from going there.

Quietly the Jew had had the rooms cleaned, and as quietly moved in, and the miser being

absent, and engrossed with the day being the eve of the maturity of Andrew Lynde's notes, and his revenge, he had even forgotten the existence of others than himself in the old mansion, that night.

Into that other part of the "haunted house," as the superstitious dwellers in the neighborhood called it, I would have my reader accompany me at an early hour the morning following Harold Lynde's attack upon the miser, and the saving of his life by Jule, the Jewess.

Although but new-comers, the five rooms, consisting of three bed-chambers, a dining-room and kitchen combined, and a parlor or sitting-room, were already comfortable in appearance, and the scent of a savory breakfast pervaded the apartment.

In the kitchen at a stove, an elderly woman, to judge from her face, although her hair was yet jet black and her eyes as bright as diamonds, was cooking breakfast, while the heroine of the night before, Jule, the Jewess, was setting a table for three persons, and, in her canary-colored morning wrapper looked as fresh as a rose.

In the adjoining room, seated at the window, and idly gazing over the housetops of the city in the distance, for the mansion stood alone on the river's bank, sat a man whose exact age it would be hard to tell, as a full beard, falling upon his breast, concealed the greater part of his face.

A handsome man he certainly was, and with a certain noble dignity resting upon his brow that gave him a look that was stern, and caused him to appear some ten years older than he really was.

Compactly built, and well formed, dressed in the height of fashion, and yet with simple elegance, so to express it, he presented the appearance of a gentleman of refinement, which did not belie him, as Jule, the Jewess, entered and he arose and greeted her pleasantly.

A Jew he certainly was, and one to command respect and win confidence.

"Well, fair Jule, how did you rest in your new quarters last night?" he asked, pleasantly, speaking in the Hebrew tongue.

"Not well, I fear, for I was disturbed," she answered, in her frank way.

"Surely the ghosts they told us dwelt here did not disturb you," he said, with a smile.

"Oh no; but I prevented a ghost from being made; but now I cannot say more, as mamma will be in. After breakfast I will speak with you, if you will ask me to join you in a walk to the river bank."

Impressed by her manner, for he saw that she had something to communicate, he returned:

"Assuredly, and with pleasure, for we have a fine view of the river from yonder point," and he again bent his gaze out of the window, as the elderly woman, also a Jewess, called to the maiden to set the breakfast upon the table.

It was a pleasant little repast, and Ezra Quilp's tenants seemed to enjoy it in their new home, for the old woman remarked:

"Victor, I like this place."

"I am glad of it, Mother Naomi, though I wish you would let me place you in the elegant home you deserve, and have servants to wait upon you."

"No, Victor; I care not for the splendor of the past; I gave up wealth to marry a poor man, and when he died he left me and my child in poverty, and I care not to receive better at your hands, though I know your willing heart; but when I am gone, then you and Jule can enjoy your riches."

At the reference to herself the maiden colored, but the man never changed countenance, as he responded, calmly:

"As you please. If you prefer this humble life to one more fitting you and Jule so be it; on our Sabbath I will run up to see you, but the rest of the week my duties will keep me in the city. Come, Jule, let me show you a pretty river scene, for ere long I must away."

The maiden glanced toward her mother for sanction which was given, and the man and the maiden descended the creaking stairs and left the mansion together, wending their way through the weed-overgrown grounds toward the river-bank.

"Victor, do you know the Lyndes?"

The two had halted beneath a tree upon the bank of the river, and almost abruptly the maiden had asked the question, for the man started.

"Yes, I know who they are," he replied, quietly.

"Well, I have a secret to tell you, and I do so for your good, only do not act in the matter unless it will be for your benefit, and if not, prom-

ise me you will not betray what I tell you," said Jule, earnestly.

"Any request you ask of me, Jule, gladly will I grant."

"It is said, you know, that our race act only from motives of gain, Victor, but that alone does not prompt me to tell you the secret I intend to, though I know you can greatly enrich yourself thereby, should the Lyndes go to the wall."

"Ah! it is of them you would speak, then?" he asked, with interest.

"Yes; I know that Mr. Lynde, though a millionaire on paper, is really bankrupt, for he has mortgaged his property *in toto*."

"What! can this be true, Jule?" asked her companion, in surprise.

"It is true, Victor, and to-day is the last day of grace to pay his indebtedness."

The man started, for the news seemed to interest him strangely; but he said with a calmness that was evidently forced:

"I am listening, Jule."

"His property is valued, I know, at between three and four millions, and yet the one who has a claim upon it all holds it on but a million and a half paid out, and I thought that you could perhaps buy that indebtedness from the holder, and then, if the Lyndes could not pay in a given reasonable time, you would make the profit."

"Why, Jule, what a business woman you are! But, is this your only motive in seeking to get me to aid the Lyndes?" and he looked her squarely in the face.

The look caused her to flush, but she answered firmly:

"It is not!"

"You have another motive, then? Will you tell it me?"

"Certainly!" she answered, in a low voice.

"I am listening," and he bent his dark, searching eyes, in which dwelt a world of fascination, full upon her.

"I went to Madam Cardoza's boarding-school in Boston, you may remember?"

"I do."

"There I met Isabel Lynde, the daughter of the millionaire."

"Ah! and she snubbed you for being one of a proscribed race, and insulted you," he said, bitterly.

"She did not," warmly responded the maiden.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, but it meant much.

"On the contrary, she sought me out because others shunned me, and nobly acted as my staunch friend."

"She was a brave girl."

"Indeed she was, Victor, and a true friend to me through all, and she is as beautiful as she is noble."

"And wherein is your motive in wishing me to possess her wealth?"

"If her father, by speculation, and her brother by his fast life, swamp their fortune, then, you possessing it, can keep Isabel from ever knowing want."

"True, I could do so; but is this your only motive, Jule?"

"No."

"You have another?"

"Yes," she answered, with a blush.

"Can I know it?"

"Yes. You remember when my father died we were in great poverty?"

"Yes, I remember it," he said, quietly.

"Well, Victor, I had now and then met a young man in my walks, who sought my acquaintance, but I repulsed his advances."

"When father lay ill, innumerable little delicacies were sent him, and many kindnesses shown anonymously, that I afterward learned came from the gentleman I speak of, and whom I now know to have been Harold Lynde."

"Jule, that man is a villain, and he sought to ensnare you as a hunter would a bird," said Victor Moloch, with sudden fierceness of manner that surprised the maiden, for she answered quickly:

"I cannot believe him so vile as that, Victor."

"He is so vile, Jule; but, for that trap-setting for an innocent girl, which you called kindness, you would have me care for him, too, when his fortune has been squandered?" and again the bitterness of tone and manner returned to the man.

"I would not see him want, Victor."

"There we differ, for I would see Harold Lynde want, Jule—ay, grovel in the dust of beggary, and never stretch forth hand to give him a crumb to stop the gnawing of hunger, or a drop of water to quench his thirst."

He suddenly checked his violent manner, for

he saw that it had startled the maiden greatly, and quickly continued in a changed tone:

"Jule, if I could serve you in this matter I would act, but it will take a large sum to get command of the mortgages you speak of as being due to-day, and I fear I could not get it in so short a time."

"Why, I thought you were worth millions?"

"And so I am; but to raise a million and a half in money in so short a time, needs the wealth of a Croesus," he said, with a smile.

"You would double your advance should the Lyndes fail to pay?" she asked.

"Yes, in all probability I should."

"And gain a large interest if they did pay?"

"Assuredly."

"Then why not you take the mortgages?"

"I cannot, for I would have to make large sacrifices to get the money required."

"I am so sorry."

"I pledge you Miss Lynde shall not suffer, for you can aid her," he said, seeing that she seemed deeply distressed.

"But she will suffer, Victor."

"How?"

"I have another motive."

"Ah! a woman always keeps her hottest shot for a reserve fire," he said, with a smile, and yet with considerable interest.

"The man who holds the mortgages will give them up, upon conditions."

"Ah!"

"Yes; if Isabel Lynde will sacrifice herself to become his wife!"

Victor Moloch turned suddenly pale, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"And she refuses?"

"To save her father and brother, for I know she cares not for herself, she offers herself for the sacrifice!"

"And the man turns over the mortgages to her father?"

"So I understand it."

"A case of barter and sale," he said, with a sneer.

"Yes, nothing more."

"Then why should there be any trouble or anxiety on your part, Jule?" he asked, almost impatiently.

"You remember the man of whom you rented our rooms?"

"Yes, the miser Quilp he is called."

"He is the man that holds the claim upon the Lyndes," she said, impressively, and, as though struck a severe blow, Victor Moloch staggered back, crying fiercely:

"Jule, this must not, shall not be."

CHAPTER VI.

THE JEWESS PLAYS ANOTHER ROLE.

THE sudden excited manner of Victor Moloch, at her words, seemed to almost frighten Jule, the Jewess, and she stood, pale and trembling, gazing at him for an explanation, for what she had said to so move him, she was at a loss to discover.

At last the man, with a violent effort of self-control, subdued his emotion, and said as calmly as he could:

"And that is the man that holds Lynde the millionaire in his power?"

"Yes, Victor; just to think of beautiful and noble Isabel Lynde, sacrificing herself to that man."

"It is fearful to think of, Jule; he is treble her age, and his god is so thoroughly gold, men say, that he is dead to any other thought and feeling than accumulating it; but it is strange he is willing to pay so large a price even for Isabel Lynde."

"Well she is willing, as I know."

"And how do you know, Jule?"

The maiden colored, and remaining silent the man asked with sudden suspicion:

"Jule, have you seen Harold Lynde lately?"

Her face now turned crimson, and still she remained silent, while, his suspicions aroused the more by her confusion he said sternly:

"Answer me!"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Where?"

"At Quilp's house."

"Tell me more."

"He came there to visit the miser, and I overheard what was said," she replied, annoyed at having to prevaricate.

Victor Moloch still looked her in the eyes; but she met his gaze unflinchingly and she continued:

"You remember I told you that I was disturbed last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, my window is but a few feet from the

window in the miser's room, and sleepless, I sat up late looking out upon the starlit river, and then it was that Harold Lynde visited Ezra Quilp, and I overheard all that passed."

"The God of Abraham forgive me, Jule; but, for a moment, one single little moment, I held doubt of you."

She drew herself proudly up, her eyes flaming, and answered haughtily:

"You forget, Victor Moloch, that I am Jule Naomi, a Jewess."

"I did forget, Jule, and I crave forgiveness; but tell me, do those mortgages mature to-day?"

"Yes, and to-day Quilp is to secretly marry Isabel Lynde, as security for the mortgages, until their engagement can be made known and a public ceremony follow; so I understand it."

"By the God of Israel! but I will take his worthless life ere such sacrilege shall be done," came the fierce words of the man, now deadly pale.

"No, Victor; his death would but bring ruin upon the Lyndes, and an ignominious death to you; gold must be the weapon used, not steel or lead."

"True, Jule, I was momentarily crazed by the thought; now I am calm and will act."

"You will buy up the mortgages then?" she said, in joyous tones.

"Yes."

"Alas! I fear he may refuse to sell, for I overheard enough to know that he acts from revenge against the Lyndes."

"But he must sell them," was the impatient rejoinder.

"His greed of gold must make him do so."

"It shall, if I have to double the amount," was the vehement reply.

"But you then risk losing, Victor, if the property should not bring that much."

"I care not; Isabel Lynde must be saved; now Jule, a thought flashes upon me."

"Well, Victor?"

"You are good at disguises, as I have reason to know from your pranks upon many of your friends."

"Yes."

"Do you object to playing banker's clerk for a while?"

"A boy?"

"Yes."

"Not if I can serve you and Isabel Lynde."

"Well, you can; go to the house, while I start at once down-town, and ask your mother to let you go shopping to get some things for me."

"Must I deceive her, Victor?"

"Not exactly, for you can purchase some articles for me; and then come at once to the City Hotel and I will meet you there with a bank messenger's disguise, and you can return and see old Quilp in it."

"Well?"

"Make an offer to buy for cash all claims he holds against Mr. Lynde."

"If he refuses to sell, Victor?"

"Go up in your offer until he accepts."

"To what limit?"

"Double the amount, if necessary."

"I will do as you wish, Victor."

"And I will, while you are interviewing Quilp, raise the money in gold checks, at any sacrifice, and have it ready to pay him."

Surprised at the sudden earnestness of Victor Moloch, Jule, the Jewess, hastened homeward, while he went to hire a hack to drive him at once into the heart of the city.

Successful in his search for a vehicle, he sprung into it, drove to the shop of one of his own race, a dealer in second-hand clothing, made the requisite purchases, and an hour after while he was hastening about the town, getting securities turned into cash, Jule, in her disguise, which, with wig and false mustache, was most complete, was approaching the miser's home.

Her mother sat at the window sewing, and glanced at the supposed messenger, little dreaming who it was the clothes concealed, and seeing him coming, Ezra Quilp opened the door for him, and said, hastily:

"Oh! you have come to redeem that note of Hasbrouck & Bailey's?"

"No, Mr. Quilp, I have come to see you upon an important matter, sir, involving considerable," was the reply, in a changed voice.

"Then come into my office," replied Ezra Quilp, his office being the room in which no twelve hours before he had so nearly lost his life.

"Now, sir, your business?" and although it was his wedding-day Ezra Quilp was keen on the scent to make a few dollars if possible.

"You hold claims upon the Lynde estate, I believe?"

"Who the devil said so, sir?" cried the miser.

completely thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the question.

"I am not at liberty to divulge names, Mr. Quilp, only to offer to pay you cash for all claims you have against Mr. Andrew Lynde and his estate."

"Ah! suppose then I tell you that it is a hundred thousand dollars?" and the miser spoke with a sneer.

"I will take it up, sir."

"You will, will you; and if it is half a million, young man?"

"I will take the claims up, sir."

"The devil you will!"

"Yes, sir."

Ezra Quilp was nonplused; how the secret got out he did not know, nor could he think, unless Andrew Lynde had suddenly found some friend willing to advance the money to save Isabel.

If such was the case the messenger would know the amount certainly, and this he made an effort to find out, and asked:

"Are you ready to pay a million dollars, sir?"

"I am, Mr. Quilp," was the confident reply.

"Ah! What amount are you ready to pay, sir?" tried the miser again.

"The amount of the claims you hold with all interests due."

"Even a million and a half, young man?"

"Even that sum, Mr. Quilp."

"You have the money?"

"It shall be in your hands within the hour."

"Suppose I say two millions, sir?"

"It is the same, sir."

"Well, the claims I hold against Andrew Lynde and his estate, young man, amount with interest to about a million and a half, but I swear to you that two million dollars in gold will not take them up," and a wicked look rested on the miser's face.

"I have heard that you pinched hard when you got a chance, Miser Quilp," was the blunt remark, for the supposed messenger was disgusted at the meanness of the man.

"Yes, I do pinch hard on a cent, or a dollar, or a million; the eagle frequently shrieks beneath my gripe," was the sinister remark.

"Yes, and human kind, too, I'll wager; but I'll give you two millions for the claims."

"You will not."

"That means you refuse the large sum for what amounts to far less?"

"Yes."

"I will add a hundred thousand more."

"And I refuse."

"Call it a quarter of a million, sir."

"Why this anxiety to get this claim, young man?"

"The property of Mr. Lynde is worth more than I offer."

"That I well know; but why are you, or the ones you represent, so desirous of getting the claims?"

"Sell them to me at two million and a quarter and I will tell you."

"I will not."

"Call it a quarter more?"

"No, young man."

"Then name your price," impatiently said the messenger.

"I have no price," was the cool reply.

"I'll double the amount of the claims."

"It is no use."

"You mean you will not sell?"

"Yes."

"You expect Mr. Lynde to pay you more?"

"Yes," and a gleam so devilish came into the miser's eyes, that the messenger said quickly, remembering what Victor Moloch had remarked: "Buy them, Jule, at any price."

"Name your price, miser Quilp."

"I decline to sell, sir; go back and tell those you represent that Ezra Quilp is satisfied with the claim as it is, and that he prefers to keep the paper to selling it at any sum."

"Good-day, young man."

Disappointed beyond expression, and bitterly hating the miser in her heart, for she now saw that his hatred was greater than his greed of gain, Jule, the Jewess, departed from the old mansion, and rapidly sought the spot where she had left the hack that had driven her there.

"Drive your best, driver, and you shall have double fare," she said, as she leaned back upon the seat, so disappointed that great tears welled up in her eyes.

Encouraged by the promised reward, the coachman rattled along, to the dismay of pedestrians, until he was brought to a sudden halt, and a stern voice said:

"I hold your man for reckless and rapid driving, sir."

It was a blue-coated guardian of the city's

peace that looked in at the window, and his face was hot with anger, for the driver had attempted to dash by.

"Officer," promptly said Jule, "you will not detain me, I beg, when I say it is a case of life and death."

The policeman *would* have detained the vehicle, and the driver, too, had he not seen a double X on the crisp bank-note thrust into his palm; but, seeing this, his heart was moved with compassion, and he said in sympathetic tones that became well an American citizen:

"Oh, sur, it's a case o' life an' dith, is it? Then Barney O'Toole is not ther man ter stop yez from going ter see yer poor mither die. Drive on, Johnny, and don't be afther sparing ther cracker."

"Johnny," as he called the Jehu, waited for no second command, but, with a muttered oath—for his knowledge of human nature discovered to his mind's eye the true inwardness of the release—laid the whip on, and dashed off at still greater speed than before, and soon halted at the hotel where Jule was to meet Victor Moloch.

Eagerly he advanced to the carriage, and said:

"I have three million; is it more?"

"He refuses to sell at any sum."

"God of Israel! did you tempt him well?"

"Yes, Victor, but I do not believe ten million would tempt him, and poor Isabel is lost, for it is now eleven o'clock," answered Jule, the Jewess, sadly.

Impatiently Victor Moloch looked at his watch, and replied:

"You said the secret marriage was to be at two o'clock, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Three hours in which to save her from that man, and, by the God of Abraham and the blood of our race, I will do it."

"What would you do, Victor?" asked the maiden, alarmed by his livid face and stern manner.

"Nothing rash, Jule; what I do, I shall do with my eyes open, and with perfect calmness, but I will save her from Quilp the miser."

"You would not kill him, Victor?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"Oh no! I shall not touch him," he responded, with a strange smile; then he added, quietly:

"Now you go up to your room in the hotel, change your clothes, and go out the ladies' entrance, leaving this suit in the sachel for me to look after."

"Then get a cab and drive on the avenue and make some purchases for me, and return home."

"When will I see you, Victor?"

"I will try and see you to-morrow, perhaps to-night, Jule."

"Very well; do nothing rash, Victor, for in a moment one often does that which ages of regret cannot repair, and the tears of angels will not blot out."

"Why, Jule, how serious you are; I will do nothing rash, I pledge you; good-by," and those two parted.

"Yes, I will save her, I will save her from Ezra Quilp the miser," came sternly from the lips of Victor Moloch as he walked along, his face bent downward, and his whole bearing that of a man who had resolved upon the execution of some daring, perhaps desperate deed.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR AT LYNDE MANOR.

THE same elegant clock, which had startled Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, from his moody reveries at midnight, just twelve hours before, again chimed forth its clear strokes as the hands pointed to twelve, and out of their sentry-boxes came the mimic buglers to blow their bugle blast.

The millionaire was in the room, and upon his face rested a look of joy and pain commingled, if such an antithesis is possible.

He felt joy to know that he was safe; selfish joy to feel that he would not go before the world branded as a bankrupt; but he held for his beautiful daughter a most devoted attachment, and he was pained to feel that hers was to be the sacrifice for his gain, and the gain of her fast brother.

"Oh! if it were any one else, any one else!" he muttered.

"Then would I feel at least content; but to sacrifice her to that man, Ezra Quilp, and to feel that he acts only with a feeling of revenge, is hard indeed to bear."

"Isabel, with her beautiful face and accomplishments, could marry the highest in the land; but then she seems to care for no one, and it

may therefore be easier for her to make the sacrifice."

"She understands too, that if she does not marry Quilp I am ruined, and of course she loves luxury and ease as well as I do, and prefers to bind herself to that wretch, rather than give up riches."

And thus he excused his act, his own selfishness in a measure by throwing the deed partly upon Isabel, though in his inmost heart he felt that she was the one who acted unselfishly.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said a servant, entering, and breaking in upon his meditations.

"Ah! is it Mr. Quilp?" he asked, anxiously.

"I do not know Mr. Quilp, sir."

"True, true; what is his name?"

"He gave none, sir; only said he wished to see you upon a matter of great importance, and he seemed hurried, sir."

"Show him in, Richard," said the millionaire, and the servant disappeared, to return in a moment and usher into the room a man of distinguished appearance, but—a Jew.

"Mr. Lynde, I believe I have the honor of addressing?" he said, with the courteous ease of the perfect gentleman.

"My name is Lynde, sir, and you are—"

"Mr. Victor Moloch, sir, and I have called on you upon a matter of importance."

"I am glad to meet you, sir; be seated, please," said the millionaire, politely, for he had heard the name of Victor Moloch before, and knew him to be a man reputed to possess great wealth, though a late comer to the city.

"Now, sir, how can I serve you?" asked the millionaire, as Victor Moloch sunk into a seat, and looked upon Andrew Lynde with an anxious expression upon his fine face.

"I have come to serve you, sir, for I need no aid," was the abrupt reply of the visitor.

Andrew Lynde's haughty manner, under ordinary circumstances, would have broken out violently at this proffer of services; but the last few hours had greatly humbled him, and he said in response:

"May I ask, sir, how you can serve me?"

"I believe that at two o'clock to-day there is to be a most interesting ceremony performed in your house?"

Andrew Lynde started, and his face grew a shade paler, while he said:

"I know not how any ceremonies in my house, sir, interest you."

"Deeply, as Miss Lynde is to sacrifice herself to one who is even older than her own father, and a gold-greedy miser every way unworthy of her."

"Ha! where did you learn this?"

"It matters not, sir, I know the fact."

"Has that accursed miser already broken faith and spread the rumor over the city?"

"No, he has not betrayed you, sir; but I know the circumstance, the sale that is to take place, for you intend to sell Miss Lynde to Ezra Quilp for a million and a half dollars."

"You are insolent, sir, to dare say I would sell my daughter," said the millionaire, with anger.

"Call it sacrifice, then, Mr. Lynde, if you prefer the term," was the cool reply.

"Well, sir, if my daughter desires to marry Mr. Quilp, with whom I am interested in business, how are you concerned?"

"Deeply, for I would save her from such a sacrifice."

"You! do you know my child?"

"I have seen her, sir, and that is sufficient to interest one in her," was the evasive reply.

"I would feel obliged if you would state clearly, sir, why you have come here?"

"To save Miss Lynde from being sacrificed to Quilp."

"Ha! and you can save her?" eagerly asked the millionaire.

"Yes, from Quilp."

"Ah! here comes my son; are you alone?" and Mr. Lynde turned to Harold, who just then entered the room, his face pale, his eyes sunken, and his brow cloudy.

"You are alone, then? I feared that accursed miser had already come— Ah!"

The last ejaculation was at beholding the long-bearded, handsome Jew seated in the chair the other side of the table.

"This is Mr. Victor Moloch, my son," said the millionaire, by way of introduction.

Harold Lynde bowed haughtily, but there was something in the dark, piercing eyes turned upon him that made him feel uneasy, in spite of his *sang froid* manner that he at once assumed, and he said impatiently almost:

"Have we not met somewhere before, Mr. Moloch, for your face has a familiar look?"

"We Jews are all alike, you know, Mr.

Harold Lynde, as you may have observed if you have studied the Jewish physiognomy closely," was the calm response.

"I have never given the subject thought, as I have had no dealings with your race, Mr. Moloch, and knew not that my father was forced to do so, until I found you here," was the insolent response.

"Well, Mr. Lynde, if your father is willing for you to know it, you may as well understand that I am here to aid him out of the Slough of Despond which his foolish speculations and your reckless gambling have led him into."

Both the millionaire and his son were dumfounded by this cool assertion of their faults from an utter stranger; but the father knew that the visitor was already in possession of his compact with Ezra Quilp, and quickly checked the angry retort that was arising to the lips of Harold Lynde.

"Hold, my son; Mr. Moloch is right, for it has been the fault of both you and me that I am now on the verge of ruin, or rather wholly am I to blame for allowing you to squander money as you have."

"Ah! you consider then this Jew the proper person to tell you of your faults?" sneered Harold, his violent passion held in check by the entreating look of his father.

"I consider this gentleman right, Harold, and, as he has come to serve me, and to save your sister from that villain, Quilp, I now beg that he make known fully his intentions, as we have but little time."

"Ha! the Jew knows all?" cried Harold.

"I do, sir," was the smiling reply.

"Who told you, sir?" was the insolent question.

"That I decline to make known; but I will say that if you wish the disgraceful bargain you were to enter into—"

"Sir!"

"I repeat, Mr. Harold Lynde, the *disgraceful bargain* yourself and father were to enter into, to save yourselves at the sacrifice of Miss Lynde, to remain a secret, you had better barter with me, and thus relieve yourself of the miser; otherwise, good-afternoon, gentlemen," and Victor Moloch turned as though to depart; but quickly both Harold and his father detained him, while the former cried:

"Wait, and we will hear your terms, Jew."

Victor Moloch bowed, and resuming his seat gazed with a smiling face upon the two men whom he knew he held wholly at his mercy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

"MR. HAROLD LYNDE, let me say to you now, sir, that in calling me Jew to insult me you hit wide of the mark, for I am a Jew, and I am as proud of the title as you are of that of Christian, and have far better right to it than you to that you bear so illy before the world."

Harold Lynde fretted under this little piece of advice, with which Victor Moloch reopened the conversation, but another pleading look from his father kept him silent, and the latter said:

"Now, Mr. Moloch, we will talk business, if you please."

"That is what I came for, sir; you expect Ezra Quilp at two o'clock, as I understand it, to marry, by secret ceremony, your daughter?"

"I do."

"He holds notes of yours, so secured as to serve as mortgages upon all your property?"

"In the devil's name how learned you this?" cried Harold Lynde, with pale face.

"If I err, sir, please set me right; these notes, Mr. Lynde, with interest, amount to a million and a half."

"They do."

"Your estate is far more valuable?"

"Yes."

"At what figure do you set it?"

"Five million, sir."

"Ah! then we will say it is really worth three millions, and yet the Jew gets it to-day, if you break your bargain with him, for half that sum?"

"Yes."

"He is not the man you would desire for a son-in-law?"

"Great God! have you seen him?"

"I have; there is nothing against his character."

"He is a miser, sir."

"And you a speculator, Mr. Lynde," was the calm assertion.

"He is an old man."

"And so are you, Mr. Lynde."

"We will not argue, sir, but dive *in medias res*," said the millionaire, impatiently.

"Very well; Mr. Quilp, when bound by marriage to your daughter, is to give to you your notes?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I offer to take up those notes for you?"

Both father and son started with delightful anticipation, and the former said, eagerly:

"If you would only do so, I will pay you, on notes I give you at six months, fifteen per cent. interest."

"I ask no interest, sir."

"Indeed! you are then most generous."

"Wait ere you praise my generosity; with your notes in your hand again you are free to mortgage what property you desire, to get any money you may need?"

The millionaire's face flushed, and after an instant of hesitation he asked:

"Will you lend me money on a secret mortgage, sir?"

"Why secret?"

"I have my reasons, Mr. Moloch."

"No, I can lend you no money on a secret mortgage."

"Then I may as well tell you that I can only secure you by my note, with specified properties named therein."

"Why not by regular mortgage?"

"The truth is, Mr. Moloch, I am so bound by my partnership in business that I forfeit to my partner, as he does to me, every dollar I own, if either gives a mortgage."

"I have drawn from the firm all the ready cash I dared, and then gave my notes to Quilp."

"And they are worthless?"

"How mean you, sir?" indignantly asked the millionaire.

"Your prior contract with your partner first holds good, for your personal property is all forfeited to him, so that you can save Miss Lynde from this miser."

"No, no, no! I would then be liable, as you know, and my partner would take everything."

"Is it not better to even be poor than to have Miss Lynde so sacrificed?" asked the Jew, scornfully.

"She consents, sir," said Harold.

"Yes, to save your father and yourself, Mr. Harold Lynde; but then, Mr. Lynde, you prefer to take these notes up?"

"By all means, sir."

"And are willing to pay?"

"You just said you asked no interest, sir," faltered the millionaire.

"True, but I make a claim upon you for what I do," smiled Victor Moloch.

"Name it."

"First, does Quilp advance you any money over the amount claimed by the notes?"

"He does not."

"But you need money?"

"Indeed, I do need ready cash."

"And your son cannot lend you any?"

"Bah! he is now begging for a few thousands to pay gambling debts of honor, as he calls them."

"To what amount?" and the Jew turned to Harold, who hesitatingly answered, with an avoidance of his father's eye:

"Twenty-five thousand."

The handsome brows of the Jew were arched in surprise, but he said quietly:

"You are a heavy player, Mr. Harold Lynde, and, I may add, a heavy loser, too. Now, Mr. Lynde, senior, how much ready cash do you wish?"

"Upon what terms, sir?"

"First name the sum."

"Well, I have some debts I wish paid, and some little speculations I wish to enter upon, besides a handsome present to my daughter Isabel—"

"And I must give Isabel a wedding present, too," quickly said Harold.

"You forget, my son, that Isabel is not to marry, if we arrange with Mr. Moloch," suggested the millionaire, blandly.

"True, father, and it seemed to have escaped your mind, too, for your words caused me to speak."

"Well, Mr. Lynde, I will pay into your hands, say, the amount of the notes, fifty thousand dollars for Mr. Harold Lynde, and how much did you say you wished?"

"A quarter," said the millionaire, indifferently.

"A quarter of what, sir?"

"A quarter of a million."

"To be squandered in speculation," said Harold.

"As yours will be in gambling," retorted his father.

"A quarter of a million to you, fifty thousand more to Mr. Harold Lynde—"

"Call it a hundred thousand to me, for I wish to get my yacht fitted out for a cruise."

Without any change of countenance, the Jew said:

"Your father is the one to say, sir."

"Very well, let the boy have the sum, but it shall be the last he gets from me for two years."

"This will bring it so near two million, gentlemen, suppose I say that sum for you to redeem the notes with, and have a balance for yourselves?"

The eyes of the millionaire and his son glittered with delight; but almost simultaneously their faces clouded, for through their brains flashed one thought:

"What is the reward for all this munificence?"

"Very well, make it two million, and I will draw up the notes to you for that sum," said the millionaire.

"I ask no notes, sir."

"What! do you advance this sum to me without security?" asked the surprised merchant.

"No, I ask security."

"Name it."

"The same that you were to give to Quilp, the miser."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DECISION.

At the calm, unimpassioned face of Victor Moloch both the millionaire and his son gazed with almost consternation in their own, when they heard his daring proposition.

"Great God! do you mean this?" cried the millionaire, first gaining speech, as he saw that the face of his son was growing black with anger.

"Why not?" was the cool reply.

"But you are a Jew," cried Andrew Lynde.

"And you a Christian," sneered Victor Moloch, with an emphasis upon the word Christian.

"The difference is great."

"I admit it, my Christian friend, but I waive that."

"You do what?" burst from the lips of Harold Lynde.

"Waive your being a Christian."

"By the Lord above! but I've a mind to break every bone in your Israelite body," and the young man made a threatening step toward the Jew, whose calm words checked him, as he said in distinct tones:

"By the devil, whom you have better right to call upon, I advise you not to make the attempt, Harold Lynde."

"My son, this quarreling is silly, and not to the point; surely you cannot be in earnest, sir," said the elder Lynde, turning to the Jew.

"Surely I am, sir."

"But Jews and Christians never wed."

"Oh yes, it has been done."

"I cannot consent to it, sir."

"Yet you are willing to sacrifice her upon Quilp, the miser."

"He is a Christian at least."

"He is built in the form of his Creator, or at least after the mold of mankind," sneered the Jew.

"But my child would never consent."

"Ask her; if she refuse I have nothing more to say."

"Harold, call your sister."

"No, I'll not lend hand to such a sacrifice. It was bad enough with old Quilp," he said, bitterly.

"But you forget the generous terms of Mr. Moloch."

Harold seemed to have forgotten them for an instant, for he said quickly:

"If the sacrifice must be made, the amount is not enough."

"You forget, Mr. Harold Lynde, that your sister is the object of barter in this case; I have made my offer, and it rests with her to say whether she shall be sold for that sum. Will you call her, or shall I retire and leave the field to Quilp?"

"He will pay more."

"Not when he holds your father in his power and acts from a feeling of revenge against him."

"True, Harold, Mr. Moloch speaks truly," put in the father.

"May I ask what motive prompts you?" sneered Harold Lynde.

"One motive, sir, I will tell you; I love Miss Lynde."

"You love my sister?" was the contemptuous reply.

"I do, sir," came the manly and frank response.

"Ah! I would not be the one to break up a love-match," retorted Harold, with a bitter laugh, as he moved toward the door.

"Nor to break off a moneyed transaction," sneered the Jew, and the young man closed the door behind him with a bang, to drown the sarcasm he had begun to fear.

Entering his sister's room, Harold Lynde found her pacing the room with nervous tread, and her face, he noticed, was very pale, and her lips firm set. She looked up nervously at his entrance, and said quickly:

"Has he come, Harold?"

"Not old Quilp, but another; we have made better terms for you, Bel, so come to the altar of sacrifice," he said, bitterly.

"What mean you, Harold?" she asked, becoming white as a corpse.

"Oh, don't get frightened; it is but a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, with more generosity and nose, and less age against the miser."

"Harold, I ask you again what you mean?" she said, peremptorily.

"Come and see, Bel, for there is a higher bidder for your hand in the library, and I guess we'll have to knock you down to him," and with a bitter laugh he turned away, while she slowly followed him.

As she swept into the library, looking grandly beautiful in her black silk, and wearing no color or ornament, not even a ring, Victor Moloch and her father arose, and the former bent low before her, as the millionaire said:

"Isabel, my daughter, this is Mr. Victor Moloch, a Jewish gentleman."

The maiden cast a searching glance into the handsome face and at the distinguished appearance of the man and bowed, while her lips gave a sigh of relief.

"I thought you had met my sister before," said Harold, who had followed her closely into the room.

"I believe that Miss Lynde fails to remember ever meeting with me before," was the evasive reply of Victor Moloch.

"I think we have never met before, sir," she answered, with a quick glance at the visitor.

"Oh, it's a case of affinity on your part, the love you spoke of, Moloch," sneered Harold, while the Jew, unnoticing the words, and really pitying the trembling old father, who seemed unable to find words to break to his daughter what he had to say, turned to the maiden, and said in his clear, pleasant tones:

"Miss Lynde, learning that your father and brother were to sacrifice you, though I believe with your consent, to save them from the pit of ruin, into which the reckless speculations of the one and the dissipation and gambling of the other had led them, I came and made a higher offer for your hand than Quilp would give, hoping, in time, to win the heart that went with the hand."

"Am I to understand that you offer, Mr. Moloch, if I caught the name aright—"

"Yes, Isabel, Mr. Victor Moloch, the wealthy Jewish banker, of whom you have heard," interposed Mr. Lynde, eagerly.

"Mr. Moloch, I am to understand, then, that you make the same offer for my hand that Mr. Ezra Quilp does?" and Isabel Lynde spoke in a low, but distinct tone.

"I offer your father, Miss Lynde, the sum to redeem his notes and about half a million dollars over in ready money."

"Yes, sis, the Jew is the highest bidder," suggested Harold.

"I believe it is the highest bidder that gets the goods?" asked Isabel, calmly.

"Yes, Miss Lynde."

"Then, Mr. Moloch, if it is my consent that is wanted in this little business transaction, I freely give it, to save my father from ruin," was the frank reply.

"You are to marry the Jew, you know, Bel," said Harold.

"In doing so I escape an alliance with Ezra Quilp!"

"Yes, but he is a Christian; this person a Jew," said Harold, hoping that the maiden would decide in favor of Ezra Quilp, for he knew he could force what money he needed out of his father, by making him again borrow from the miser, and he cared not to see his sister wedded to an Israelite.

"I have decided, Harold; when does Mr. Moloch ask for the consummation of my pledge?" she said, coldly.

"Miss Lynde can set her time within the next month," was the reply.

"And the guarantee that you ask, sir?"

"Your word only, Miss Lynde."

"You are generous, sir, and I freely give it; one month from to-day I will be ready to be your bride," and the tone was firm and the eyes raised unflinchingly to his face.

"This being settled, Mr. Lynde, allow me to pay into your hands the money; here, sir, are gold drafts for the amount specified, two million dollars; please receipt for them," and Victor Moloch laid the checks upon the table, while the millionaire, with eager, trembling fingers, wrote a receipt in full.

"Now, Miss Lynde, I leave you until to-day one month, when I shall call to make you my wife, bringing with me a rabbi of my synagogue, while your father can ask to be present the clergyman of your church, so that the ceremony may be performed by both rites; as it is near the time for the arrival of Mr. Ezra Quilp I will say adieu."

He bowed low, turned and left the room.

A moment after the vehicle that brought him there rolled away, just as a second carriage drew up before the marble stairs, and out of it sprang Ezra Quilp with the agility of a young man, and an expression of fiendish triumph upon his face.

CHAPTER X.

A PLOT THAT WAS THWARTED.

WHEN Ezra Quilp entered the residence of the millionaire, he was not alone, for he was accompanied by a clergyman, whom he had engaged to perform the ceremony, asking him to keep the affair a secret for the present, and pressing his request with a bank-note of denomination sufficiently large to insure silence on the part of the minister.

The two were ushered into the library, by the servant in attendance, and there they were met by Mr. Lynde, who was seated at his desk, writing, and his son, who lolled in an easy-chair.

"Ah! Mr. Ezra Quilp, I believe; sit down, sir," said the millionaire, without rising.

"Yes, sir, and I am on time you see; just half-past one, sir; and this is my friend, the Reverend Silas Sloan, whose chapel is in the outskirts of our city, sir; Mr. Sloan, Mr. Lynde, and his son, Mr. Harold Lynde."

The millionaire bowed to the minister, without seeing his proffered hand, and Harold met the introduction with an impertinent stare.

"You have the notes with you, Mr. Quilp?" said the elder Lynde, abruptly.

"I have, sir."

"May I ask your clerical friend to retire to the parlor while we transact our little business together?"

Ezra Quilp looked surprised, but said quickly: "As Mr. Sloan's services are necessary in the transaction, I cannot understand why he should leave the room, Mr. Lynde; he knows why I have brought him with me."

"Very well, sir, do as you please; he can serve as a witness in the transaction."

"And as the officiating clergyman, Mr. Lynde."

"I am glad to know that Mr. Sloan has a charge in the vineyard of the Lord," sneered Harold, from his luxurious easy-chair; but, unheeding his remark, his father asked:

"Have you those notes?"

"I have, sir."

"Be good enough to let me see them."

Ezra Quilp took out his pocket-book, and carefully laid a dozen different notes upon the table before the millionaire, who took a pencil and paper and began to carefully add up the amounts, computing the interest on each, and adding it to the total, the miser eagerly watching him the while.

Letting his right hand rest on the notes, he suddenly drew from his pocket an envelope and handed it to the miser, saying calmly:

"Mr. Quilp, will you see if these are correct?"

While Ezra Quilp eagerly opened the envelope, the millionaire calmly took up the notes and held them in his hand firmly.

"These are certified gold checks, Mr. Lynde."

"Yes."

"Well, sir?" asked the miser, in surprise.

"For what amount do they call, Mr. Quilp?"

Hastily the miser ran his eyes over the amounts, and said:

"For one million and a half dollars."

"Correct, and I owe you just fourteen hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars and sixty-seven cents."

"Yes, sir," faltered the miser.

"Then be good enough to hand me the two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars, and thirty-three cents."

"Sir?"

"That is the amount due me, I believe, Mr. Ezra Quilp, as you hold one million and a half in your hands; here are the figures," and the millionaire shoved the paper toward him.

"Curse your figures, Andrew Lynde; that is not our agreement," shrieked the miser, turning as white as his parched skin could become.

"It seems to me, sir," was the cool reply, "that when a man holds my notes for a certain amount, and I pay him that sum on the day they become due, that that cancels the matter."

"Not with me, Andrew Lynde, and I demand my notes back again," almost shrieked Ezra Quilp.

"Pardon me, they are my notes, sir."

"But they were given to me, sir."

"To a certain time, yes; but I have paid you their face in money."

"I refuse to take your accursed money."

"You must."

"But you must give me gold."

"You have it there."

"Checks; they may be worthless."

"They are certified by the banks upon which they are drawn."

"They may be forgeries, and forged certifications, Andrew Lynde."

The millionaire turned pale, and Harold Lynde started, at this new phase put on the affair, and the miser noticed both the changing of color of the one and the start of the other, and followed up his vantage with:

"Yes, and I believe they are forgeries, sir, so give me back my notes."

"Mr. Quilp, my business honor is too well known, sir, for me to be suspected of passing forged paper," sternly said the millionaire.

"But you may not know them as such," cried Quilp, endeavoring to discover from whence the merchant had gotten them, for they read simply, "Pay to bearer," etc.

"You have the right to send me to prison, sir, if the checks are forged."

"And I'll do it, by Heaven!"

"I don't doubt it, Ezra Quilp, if you have the power; but you have not, for the checks were given to me from reliable parties."

"Ah! been round using your name among a dozen men to borrow enough to pay me, when you are not worth a dollar, and that brings it under the head of getting money under false pretenses," sneered the miser.

"I was not worth a dollar, while you held these notes, Quilp; but they are in my possession, sir, and shall remain so," said the millionaire, with great composure.

"But you owe the money borrowed to redeem them."

"Oh no, for that was made in a speculation, Ezra Quilp; a far better investment than you would have been: I hope you understand my allusion, miser Quilp."

"I understand, sir, that you took those notes from me without my will, and I shall—"

"Hold on, Ezra Quilp! I gave you more than their value, and I now ask for the change due me," was the stern reply.

"And you refuse to keep our agreement regarding Miss Lynde?"

"My dear sir, there is no agreement between us; you held my notes, and you have the money for them. Good-afternoon, Mr. Quilp."

"Andrew Lynde, you are thwarting the wrong man in the purpose he had formed, and I swear to you that you shall rue it," hissed the now livid miser.

"What wrong have I done you, sir, that you make this threat?"

"Why, you have broken your compact with me."

"I have redeemed my notes, sir, and that relieved me from your hateful clutch."

"By Heaven! this very day, Andrew Lynde, I could have sold your notes for double their value."

"What!" and the millionaire grew a shade paler.

"It is true."

"You joke, man."

"I do not."

"You could have sold these notes for double their value?" asked the surprised merchant.

"Yes, for three million dollars cash."

"Great God! what does this mean?" and the millionaire looked anxiously toward his son.

"It means that your credit is above par one hundred per cent., father," was the quiet reply of the young hopeful.

"I cannot understand it," said his father.

"Perhaps I can explain," sneered the miser, his hope of triumph returning at the perplexity of Mr. Lynde.

"Well, sir."

"It may be some enemy who loves revenge even more than I do."

"I have no other foe than yourself, that I am aware of."

"Then why such a munificent offer for your autographs?" was the scornful question.

"I am at a loss to know. Who made the offer?"

"A bank clerk, for other parties; I believed you sent him, wishing to release my hold upon you."

"No, would to God I could have done so; and you refused the offer?"

"Yes."

"You then love revenge?"

"You know that I do."

"What would you give now to have the agreement kept?" and Harold Lynde stepped forward and confronted the miser.

"How mean you?"

"You refused double the amount of the notes, you say?"

"Yes."

"You thereby lost, by my father redeeming them, a million and a half?"

"I did."

"Then you must be willing to pay largely for the fulfillment of the former agreement, if you refused that immense sum to carry out your plot."

"I am willing to pay."

"Name the sum, sir," and Harold Lynde fixed his eyes upon the face of the miser, while his father sat in dumb astonishment looking on, and the Rev. Silas Sloan seemed a most interested listener.

"Well, to consummate the ceremony that I brought my friend here to perform I will give one hundred thousand dollars," said the miser, slowly.

A scornful laugh from Harold Lynde answered him, while, now understanding him, his father said, eagerly:

"My son, I need no money, for you know there is half a million to our credit."

Unheeding him, Harold again addressed the miser:

"Place those checks just given you by my father in his hands, and the marriage will be consummated."

"No, no, my son, you remember that—"

"I remember there was no agreement other than verbal, sir; if the miser refused a million and a half to consummate his plot he must pay that sum to carry it out now."

"By Heaven! and so I will," cried the miser, with a devilish glitter in his eyes.

"You will hand my father back those checks?"

"Yes."

"Then Isabel will consent," eagerly said Harold Lynde.

"No, Harold Lynde, I will not consent to break my pledged word," and Isabel Lynde swept into the room, her eyes flashing, and her face flushed with just anger, for she had heard all from the adjoining room into which she had retired at the arrival of the miser.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISER'S THREAT.

WHEN Isabel Lynde entered the library, and confronted the revengeful miser, her selfish and yielding father, her deeply scheming brother, and the amazed minister, all started, for there was that in her look and manner that showed she would not be party to any other contracts made by those who should be her protectors.

Her distinctly uttered words, as she entered:

"No, Harold Lynde, I will not consent to break my pledged word," at once were misunderstood by the miser, and he cried, eagerly, while he snatched his fingers viciously:

"Ha! ha! foiled, are you, Harold Lynde, and you, too, Andrew Lynde, in your effort to defraud me of what is my just due; ay, foiled by the honor of this noble girl."

Instantly Isabel wheeled upon him, her act and look checking the words that sprung to the lips of her father and brother.

"Do I understand, sir, that there is any indebtedness due you from any one in this house?"

"I have given your father his notes, and I await to claim the fulfillment of the compact," faltered the miser, not half liking the maiden's look of contempt.

"If I heard aright, for I did not withdraw upon your coming to the adjoining room, you were not only paid for these notes, but owe a small sum in change?"

"Yes, which I will pay, if the checks are good."

"Do you dare assert that my father would deal in worthless paper, sir?" she asked, with scorn and anger in look and voice.

"I have known him to do worse," was the

quick response of the miser, stung by her manner.

"What mean you?" and she glanced first to her father and then back at the miser.

"Oh! a little matter of long ago, of which it is not necessary to speak now, when you know already that he sold you to me to save himself; is not that worse than passing bad checks?"

The shot struck home and Isabel winced under it; but recovering herself she said:

"As you are not a friend to my father, my brother or myself, I beg, Mr. Quilp, that you leave this house."

"But, Bel, Mr. Quilp has just told us that the notes he held of my father he was offered two dollars for one on their face for," and Harold came forward.

"He belies his name of Miser Quilp to have refused," was the scornful retort.

"But I did refuse, Miss Isabel."

"Then, sir, allow me to say, that instead of being the sharp business man you are called you are a fool."

"You shall change that opinion of Ezra Quilp, my beauty, before long."

"I do not fear your threats, sir, and I am surprised that my father and brother permit your presence beneath this roof."

"But, Bel, you agreed yesterday to enter into a compact with Mr. Quilp, to save my father, and now I must beg that you keep it, when he can make that sum in cash, which the miser is willing to give," said Harold, selfishly.

"Brother!" and she turned her gaze upon him in a look that made him drop his eyes; and seeing its effect Ezra Quilp said, eagerly:

"Yes, if you keep your compact I will pay into your father's hands a million and a half in money."

"Not for the riches of the world, sir miser; I tell you I am free from my compact with you, and never again will you hold claim on me."

"Ah! my beauty, you do not know Ezra Quilp, if you believe his words are idle, when he tells you he will yet lower that haughty head."

"Go, sir!" and she pointed toward the door, toward which the minister was already moving.

"I'll go, Isabel Lynde, but you are not yet free of Ezra Quilp," he said, his face black with passion.

"One moment, Quilp; there is a little balance due, you know," and Harold Lynde stepped forward.

"Let Mr. Quilp hand that to the parson, as soon as he has found the checks are good," spoke up the millionaire, with a meaning look at his son, while he muttered, *sotto voce*:

"It'll keep the parson's tongue still."

"Yes, yes; Parson Sloan, Mr. Quilp will hand you the balance due, as a donation from my father; it is just two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars, and thirty-three cents, with which to clothe and feed the needy members of your flock."

The eyes of the minister glistened with delight, and he replied:

"I thank you, my generous friends, and may God bless you and your household forever."

"May God curse you forever is my prayer," hissed forth the miser.

"One minute, Mr. Quilp," cried Isabel.

Sullenly he turned toward her.

"Can you tell me who it was that made you that generous offer for the notes?"

"No."

"You do not suspect?" persisted the maiden.

"I did suspect it was your father, through friends."

"A bank messenger made the offer for others?"

"Yes."

"Describe him, please."

"A youth of seventeen perhaps; a Jew, I think, though I did not notice him closely."

"Ah! a Jew," and a peculiar light came into the eyes of the maiden as she turned away, while Ezra Quilp said in fierce tones:

"Remember, Andrew Lynde, I neither forgive nor forget the past, and this day's work but makes me still greater your debtor, and I swear to you the debt of revenge shall be paid to the uttermost."

The next moment he had gone, and behind him he left an uncomfortable feeling in the breasts of the millionaire, his son and daughter, for they felt that the miser was a man to keep his word.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MISER'S FIRST STROKE FOR REVENGE. THOUGH the threat of the miser left an unpleasant and really uncomfortable feeling, at

first, in the minds of the millionaire's family, it soon wore off with the father and daughter, who had not the same cause for dread that Harold had, as the reader will remember his criminal attempt of the night before, and more especially at him had Ezra Quilp looked ere he departed from the room.

But, remembering the half-million in cash in the possession of his father, and of which he was to have his share, Harold Lynde threw off his moody humor when the three assembled around the dinner-table at six o'clock that day, and, after a glass of wine or two, became quite jovial.

As for the millionaire, though relieved in mind from his business troubles, he yet had an aching of the heart when he remembered whom he owed it to, and the sacrifice his noble daughter had made, and his manner toward her was more respectful than ever.

With quiet mien, in strange contrast with her usual brilliant conversation and bright face, Isabel Lynde sat at the table, giving her orders to the servants, and her manner and pale face alone showing that she had that day passed through a severe ordeal.

Common consent had dropped the events of the day out of the conversation, and the dinner was progressing quietly, when a servant entered and said:

"An express messenger is at the door, miss, with a package which he will deliver only into your hands."

Isabel was about to rise and go to the door, when her father said:

"Bid him come in here, Richards."

Resuming her seat Isabel waited in surprise, for she was expecting no package, and the next moment a confidential agent of the express company entered, bearing a small package in his hand.

"I am authorized to deliver to Miss Lynde, only, this package, for it is marked most valuable," he said, politely.

"I am Miss Lynde," said Isabel.

"Then please receipt here," and he handed her a book and pen.

In her bold, graceful hand she signed her name, and the expressman departing she carelessly, though of course with a woman's curiosity, opened the neatly folded and sealed bundle, and discovered a morocco case beneath.

Opening this with a spring-latch, she gave an exclamation of surprise.

And no wonder, for before her eyes was a necklace of diamonds and rubies, a pendant of an anchor, and a pair of bracelets of the same superb pattern, and the gems in all of vast size and beauty.

"Worth a hundred thousand if they are a dollar," cried Harold.

"Far more elegant and costly than anything I ever gave you, Bel," said her father.

"Who can have sent these beautiful gems?" was the meditative remark of the maiden.

"Perhaps that card will tell, sis," and Harold pointed to a small card half-hidden in the velvet case.

Taking it up she read aloud:

"Will Miss Lynde honor me by accepting the accompanying as a souvenir of VICTOR MOLOCH."

Isabel's face flushed, and then turned deadly pale for an instant; but, recovering herself, she said:

"Oh, papa! what am I to do?"

"Accept them, by all means; he's a prince, if he is a Jew," broke in Harold.

"Under the circumstances, I hope you will accept them, Bel," said the millionaire.

"I will do so; he certainly is generous, and—"

"You were lucky to escape old Quilp, the miser, sis, and if this Moloch keeps up as he has begun, I'll get a pew in his synagogue."

"Do not be irreverent, Harold; what is it, Richards?" this to the butler, who again entered.

"A letter of importance, sir, and the messenger waits."

"Ah! I'll see what it means," and the millionaire broke the seal, and his son and daughter noticed his face change color as he read the contents.

Motioning to the servants to retire, Andrew Lynde said, with vehemence:

"Well, for the sublimity of brass, this letter is perfection; listen:

"THE PARSONAGE, Saturday.

"MY VERY DEAR MR. LYNDE:

"Pardon me for writing you, instead of calling, as I am quite occupied just now in preparing my tomorrow's sermon for the blessed lambs of my flock, and have not the time to spare for a chat with you.

"My object in writing is, to say that it is my intention to build for my parish, out of my private means, an elegant church, and not having sufficient funds of my own, I beg of you, your noble son and lovely

daughter a private donation—there need be no reason for our affairs to be made public, I know you will think.

"I would request merely ten thousand dollars, and feel confident, under existing circumstances, that you will oblige me.

"With deep regard, I am, my dear Mr. Lynde,

"Yours obediently," SILAS SLOAN."

"He is an accursed blackmailer!" broke from Harold's lips, indignantly.

"He knows his power, father, and already begins to make you feel that he is your master," quietly said Isabel.

"I shall put this in the hands of the police, as a blackmailing letter to extort money," remarked the millionaire.

"And the reasons will all then come out; no, no, better pay him his ten thousand, and then see if we cannot stop the matter there," suggested Harold, and, as if having decided that it was the best course, the merchant called out:

"Richards!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me my check-book, pen and ink."

The articles were brought, and Isabel said, quietly:

"Make it payable to bearer, sir."

"Ah, yes; a good suggestion," and the millionaire wrote his check, and then inclosed it in an envelope, addressed simply to

"SILAS SLOAN, ESQ."

"That will show him that I consider him unworthy the clerical title he bears," he said, as Richards departed with the letter to hand to the messenger.

"Well, we need another interruption to our dinner, to bring us luck, according to the old adage," said Harold, resuming his interrupted meal.

"Troubles never come singly, Harold," was Isabel's remark.

"True; old Quilp should put in an appearance now— Well, Richards?"

"A man who says Mr. Ezra Quilp sent him to see you personally, replied the servant.

"The— No, no, I beg pardon, sis; but truly is it said, 'speak of the devil and his imps appear,'" and with a pale face Harold Lynde went to the door, and the instant after loud and angry voices were heard, then a shot, and a heavy fall, and into the dining-room sprang the young aristocrat, a pistol in his hand, and his face livid, as he cried:

"Father, I have killed him."

"Killed whom? for the love of God! speak!" cried the millionaire, unable to rise from his chair, while with staring eyes and white face Isabel arose and started toward her brother.

"I have killed an officer of the law, sent by Quilp to arrest me," was the strangely calm reply.

"Great God! oh, this is terrible, and greater than I can bear," and the old man's head sunk upon the table.

"Harold, you must not stay here, for, if you have done this, all father's influence and wealth cannot save you from the gallows; fly!" cried Isabel.

"Where shall I go?" he asked, in a dazed manner.

"Anywhere, so you leave here; come, I have a few hundreds in money, and father has more in the house, and can send you a check, when we know where you are; come!"

"Yes, my son, fly while you can," cried the millionaire, tottering to his feet.

Out of the room Isabel led him, past the dead form lying in the hallway, and into the library, and there he remained with his father, who had followed them, while the brave maiden went to her room.

"Here, Harold, it is all I have," and she gave him a roll of bills.

"And here is more; now, my son, for the love of God, fly— Hal!"

All started, for a loud and impatient ring came at the door.

But controlling herself, Isabel glanced out of the window, and in the gathering twilight saw a female form on the piazza.

"It is a woman," she said.

The next moment the door opened, and the three heard in clear tones:

"I must see Mr. Harold Lynde at once."

Richards, a most faithful old family servant, had just dragged the body of the officer out of sight, and answered calmly:

"I will see if he is in; who shall I say wishes to see him?"

"Say a woman; no, no, tell him Jule, the Jewess," was the impatient response.

"Bid her come in here, Richards," called out Harold, and the next instant, Jule, the Jewess,

entered the room, just as Isabel left by another door.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNFORTUNATE DISGUISE.

It was evident that Jule, the Jewess, when she entered the library, had expected to find the young aristocrat alone, for she drew back in some confusion, at the sight of the millionaire, but said firmly:

"I came to see you, Mr. Lynde, upon a matter of importance."

The millionaire gazed upon the beautiful face and form of the young girl, and saw that she wore a troubled look, and misunderstanding her presence there, he said sternly:

"What, Harold, are we to learn of another heinous crime to be laid at your door?"

Jule quickly understood the words of the millionaire, and drawing herself proudly up, she said with flashing eyes, while her face crimsoned:

"Whatever crimes, Mr. Lynde, your son may have been guilty of, be good enough not to consider me an accomplice."

"Then why, may I ask, have you come to his home in this unceremonious manner?"

"To warn him of danger: to tell him that one whom he knows to be a bitter foe, intends to arrest him to-night."

"Ha! you are too late; but still your words prove that you hold deep interest in my son."

"Father, this maiden is hardly known to me; I know her only as Jule, the Jewess; last night I attempted to break the contract we had formed with old Quilp, and she prevented me from doing what to-night I have just done—taken life."

"God of Abraham! I am then too late," cried the Jewess.

"Yes, Quilp sent an officer to arrest me, and—I killed him," said Harold Lynde, with forced calmness.

"Then fly, or the law will have its justice," she cried.

"Justice?" said the young man, indignantly.

"Yes, justice; if you have willfully taken human life you deserve punishment; but still I would not see you die an ignominious death, and I bid you fly; here, to aid your escape, I brought you this disguise," and she handed him a bundle she had brought with her.

"It is an officer's cloak, naval cap, and false whiskers; put them on, for you have little time," she said, peremptorily, and unheeding the presence of the father of the young man, she quickly and skillfully placed the beard upon his face, and threw the cloak around his shoulders, while he placed the naval cap upon his head.

"There, no one would know you now; go, and may this act of mine repay your kindness to my parents in the past, whether it was prompted by good or evil motives; farewell."

As she spoke she turned to go, but Harold sprung forward and seized her hand, while he said, fervently:

"Farewell, sweet Jewess; but remember, you shall never be forgotten by Harold Lynde."

She made no reply, but passed quickly from the room, and out of the house, and, after a sad parting with his father and sister, who again returned to the room, the young man followed her, his brain in a whirl, his heart on fire.

As he descended the marble steps a carriage drove up, and from it alighted two men.

One of these he saw was an officer in uniform; the other he recognized as Ezra Quilp.

With slow step, for he saw that he was not recognized, he walked away from the mansion; but once out of sight, he darted along at a rapid run in the direction of the stables, and a few minutes after was mounted upon his own riding horse, and flying like the wind along the road leading up the river.

The residence of Andrew Lynde was situated not far from the bank of East River, for the millionaire was one of New York's merchant princes, and at a point which, at the time I write, was dotted with handsome country-seats, but which now, from the growth of the metropolis, is covered with blocks of brick residences, with only one or two of the old-time mansions remaining, and those rapidly going to ruin, and their once elegant grounds turned over to ragged children, goats and chickens.

Up what is now the Eastern Boulevard, Harold Lynde dashed, until he came in sight of the old home of Ezra Quilp, and here he suddenly drew rein, while he gazed at a light in a window, which his experience the night before told him was the room of Jule, the Jewess.

"Ah, my pretty Jewess, if you had not

stayed my hand last night, I would not now be a fugitive from justice.

"I did not kill the miser, but I have taken the life of the man he sent to arrest me, so you kept not my hand from becoming blood-stained, and, if I am taken, you may yet see old Quilp rejoice in my death on the gallows."

"But, from my heart I thank you for your kindness this night."

Thus saying he once more rode rapidly on, and soon after drew his panting horse up at the Astoria ferry.

"Open your gate quickly, my man, for I wish to catch that boat, and keep the change for a glass of grog," he said, hastily, to the gate-keeper, who caught the dollar thrown to him with one hand, while he took firm hold of the bridle rein with the other, at the same time calling out to some one in the ferry-house:

"Cap'n, I guesses this is yer man."

Then out of the ferry-house stepped a man in uniform, followed by two others, and the former said slowly:

"Are you Lieutenant Dorcas, sir?"

"I am not," was the impatient reply.

"You are a naval officer I see."

"That is evident," was the evasive response.

"Well, sir, I am sorry to detain you, but Lieutenant Dorcas of the navy shot a man, in a dispute over cards, this afternoon, and I was sent here to guard the ferry against his escape."

Harold Lynde's heart grew cold, to feel that an accident was going to keep him in durance vile until his own deed and flight would become known; but he said with all the calmness he could command:

"My man, I am not the officer you speak of, and I warn you not to detain me, as I am in haste to cross over into Long Island."

"I may be wrong, sir, but I hopes not for my own sake; yet I have to hold you, as such are my orders; you must dismount and wait until I telegraph to the station and report."

It was a desperate moment for Harold Lynde, and he acted with desperate recklessness, for driving the spurs into his horse he caused the animal to bound forward, striking the officer and ferryman on each side of him with such force as to knock them down, and then away darted the splendid animal.

But one of the other officers quickly drew a pistol and fired, and, with almost a human shriek, the noble horse went down, throwing his rider over his head.

Half-stunned as he was, Harold Lynde endeavored to rise and draw his pistol; but strong arms seized him and the next instant he was heavily ironed, while his cap, cloak and false beard having come off in the struggle, one of the officers remarked, with triumph:

"In disguise as I live! yes, boys, we has our game, but he were a terror."

"Yes, his horse nearly broke my shoulder; but come, sir, you must go to jail with us," and Harold Lynde, his heart almost crushed with shame and despair, was marched off to the city prison.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OATH OF A JEWESS.

THE persevering, tireless, sleepless and ferret-like reporters had gleaned the full tidings of startling news for the readers of the papers they represented, and ere twelve o'clock at night, following the reckless deed of Harold Lynde, the whole affair was in type.

After a restless night, Jule, the Jewess, arose with a contented heart, for she felt that she had done her duty toward the man, who some time before had bestowed kindness upon her dying father in his need, and she could not believe that the handsome young aristocrat had acted wholly from an evil motive, for she was too pure in heart herself to believe one who bore the semblance of a gentleman could be so vile as to plot her ruin through gaining her gratitude.

"Well, be his motive what it may, I have repaid the debt by saving him from the gallows," she murmured, as she stepped out on the upper front piazza to look after her plants, which she kept there.

"I did not mean to eavesdrop," she continued, "but I saw old Quilp come in with the officer, and knew he meant harm, so listened, and I am glad I did, for I was just in time to save Mr. Lynde, and the disguise I fortunately thought of and purchased, alone protected him from recognition, as I caught sight of the miser in the carriage that drove into the gate as I passed out."

"Oh, why did he take life, for otherwise the charge would not have been half so severe! but now, if he is taken, nothing can save him, and—"

"Good-morning, Miss Moloch; you look as bright and beautiful as the day."

The voice breaking in upon her musings sounded harsh and sinister to her, and she said, coldly, as she turned and beheld Ezra Quilp at his window gazing at her:

"My name is not Moloch, Mr. Quilp."

"Ah! you are not then Miss Moloch?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps then it is Mrs. Moloch?" he suggested, with an attempt at a smile, but which on his face was a grin.

"No, I am not Mrs. Moloch."

"Ah! I thought you must be the wife, or the sister, of the gentleman who rented my rooms."

"No, I am neither, Mr. Quilp."

"The lady, I hope, is your mother," he said, with an emphasis on the third and fourth words.

"She is, sir."

"Then I trust all is well, for I would not like anything that looked off-color to be—"

"Sir!"

He paused quickly as he caught the dark, flashing eyes, and stammered forth:

"My dear child, do not misunderstand me, for I assure you I meant nothing; who could have an evil thought where you are concerned?"

"Only one, sir, who had no honor, and whose heart had become so warped by evil deeds, would suspect an innocent girl of wrong-doing," she said, in her rich voice, and with a tone of contempt in it.

"True, true, my dear Miss—Miss—"

"I am called Jule, the Jewess, Mr. Quilp," she said, coldly.

"True, Miss Jule; but have you read the news this morning?" he asked, glad to change the subject.

"No, sir, I have not seen the papers."

"I have, for I have one left for me every morning; it's the *Herald* and I get it for three cents, when you know the price is four; but then I take the outside one of the bundle, which is always soiled or a little torn, but it does me just as well, and I save a cent; there's great news in it this morning."

The miserly disposition of the man disgusted her; but, most anxious to see the report of Harold Lynde's deed the night before, she conquered her aversion, and said:

"I would like to see it, sir, if you please."

"Certainly, my dear miss, certainly; but return it, please; no, no, you can keep it, for you did me a good turn last night, and I will give you the *Herald*, though I always keep them, as you know papers advertise for back numbers sometimes, and offer a dollar or two for them."

He handed her the paper, pointing to some large headlines, and her eyes fell upon the following:

"THE RED DEED OF AN ARISTOCRAT!"

"HIS FLIGHT AND CAPTURE IN DISGUISE!"

"From a Palatial Mansion to Prison!"

"A DISGUISE THAT PLAYED HIM FALSE!"

She read no more, but clutching the paper in her hands, without a word to the miser, turned and entered her own rooms, through the full-length window, and then, like a marble statue, she stood for an instant, while from her lips came the words:

"By the God of Abraham! if the disguise I gave him caused his capture, then will I save him; yes, I swear it by the hope of Israel!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE "STARTLING SENSATION" AS READ BY JULE, THE JEWESS.

WHEN Jule, the Jewess, after receiving the *Herald* from the miser, and reading the headlines of the startling sensation gleaned by the reporters, took oath to save Harold Lynde from the gallows, her manner was impressive and determined, and her face was full of daring determination.

"It seems the disguise I gave him got him into trouble and prevented his escape, and he and his father and beautiful sister may think it was given him to entrap him, so I must free him, if in the power of man or woman."

"Now to see what is said here that made that old miser gloat over his triumph," and she entered her room and closed the door, though her mother had gone to market and would not return for an hour or more.

Throwing herself in an easy-chair, in the cosy little room she had fitted up for herself with such taste, she scanned over the numerous large type announcements of the "startling sensation in high life," and then aloud, and as if

her mind and heart were bent in taking in each word she slowly read as follows:

"It is seldom that our city is so startled by two such events in high life as we give below, and those of a gossiping turn of mind will find food for talk that will amount to more than a nine days' wonder.

"Nearly all of New York knows the handsome and dashing young millionaire, Harold Lynde, by sight, for his coach-and-four has often whirled along our avenues, crowded with distinguished guests, his elegant form has been the cynosure of all eyes, as he galloped through the Park, his flirtations at the opera and theater have created general comment, his fast horses have won purses, his yacht has taken prizes, and his dissipation and extravagances have been the town gossip for a year or more.

"But now an end has come, for, from his palatial home, the mansion of his father on the East river, he has gone to the Tombs, charged with a deliberate murder of an officer, and even worse than that prior to his killing Detective Dade, and which was the cause of that officer's death.

"It seems, from the reports gleaned by our reporters, that one Ezra Quilp, better known as old miser Quilp, dwells in a one-time elegant brick mansion in the upper part of the city, and the grounds of which, consisting of half a dozen acres, run to the water's edge.

"This property, bought for a mere song, from its dissolute young heir, the miser owns, and expects to realize largely from; when the city's advance encroaches upon it; and here he dwells alone, or did dwell alone, until several days ago, when a small Jewish family rented part of his domicile, and, if the stories are correct, it was fortunate for him that they went there.

"Being interviewed last night by our reporter, Mr. Ezra Quilp was rather non-committal, but admitted that he had advanced large sums of money to Mr. Harold Lynde, on his simple note, and that the day before maturity the young man attempted to get them renewed, but failing in doing so, that night entered his house, by means of the roof of the back piazza, and attempted to get possession of the paper against him by taking the holder's life.

"This effort, however, failed by the sudden coming and interference of one who seized the young man with his knife in hand, and prevented the deliberate assassination.

"From what was said by Mr. Quilp, the reporter surmised that the one who saved his life was some one of the Jewish family; but whoever it may be, he will appear as witness in the case.

"Mr. Lynde, not paying the notes the next day, Mr. Quilp would have had them protested, but in some way misplaced the key of his safe, and was unable to do so, and at once he determined to have the young aristocrat arrested upon a charge of assault with intent to assassinate, and had the papers made out accordingly, and, after a long conference with Detective Dade at his home, dispatched him to make the arrest, he, Quilp, and another officer awaiting him in a carriage a few squares from the Lynde mansion.

"The long stay of the detective caused Mr. Quilp to grow anxious, and driving to the mansion they discovered the millionaire merchant and his daughter pacing the room in great distress, and the dead body of the officer lying in the hallway.

"All that could be ascertained regarding the tragedy was that Mr. Harold Lynde had been called into the hallway, from the dining-room, and that a shot and fall soon after followed, and the young man returned to his father and sister and said he had killed a man, and in disguise he soon after left the mansion, and even met Quilp and the associate of officer Dade at the door, but passed by them unrecognized.

"Mr. Andrew Lynde, his daughter, and the servants refuse to speak upon the matter before the trial; but it is strange, if Harold Lynde acted in self-defense, or for what reason he killed the detective, that he did not remain and await trial, and not bring suspicion of guilt by flight.

"Now comes the strangest part of the affair, for it seems that Harold Lynde used as his disguise a naval officer's cloak and cap, and a false beard, and yesterday afternoon Lieutenant Dudley Dorcas of the navy dropped into a fashionable gambling-saloon on Broadway to risk a few dollars at faro.

"The dealer, so it is said, had been drinking, and twice called out the wrong card, whether by accident or design remains to be seen, and the naval officer boldly charged him with trying to swindle him.

"At this the dealer, Fancy Nick Fellows, and who will be remembered as a dangerous man, thrust his hand into his pocket and attempted to rise, while he said, it is reported:

"Those are your last words, sir."

"Instantly, acting in self-defense, the lieutenant drew a pistol and fired, and Nick Fellows fell in his tracks.

"In the confusion that followed, Lieutenant Dorcas, unperceived, left the gambling-hell and went at once on board his vessel down in the lower bay, while the police spread the city over in pursuit of him, it being believed that the gambler was dead.

"Shortly afterward, however, it was found that the ball glanced on the skull of Mr. Fellows, making a slight wound, but stunning him, and soon after dark a letter was received by the chief of police from Lieutenant Dorcas, telling him that he had surrendered to his captain on board ship and awaited orders.

"In the meantime Harold Lynde, who had unfortunately for himself assumed a naval disguise, rode up to the Astoria ferry on horseback, was believed to be Lieutenant Dorcas escaping, and, when ordered by the police officers in waiting to dismount

and surrender, daringly attempted to ride them down.

"The sergeant and ferryman went down before the bound of the spirited mare ridden by Mr. Lynde, but, ere he could escape, a well-aimed shot from officer Bent brought the animal down, and the fugitive was captured, ironed, and taken to the Tombs, where he now lies awaiting his preliminary trial, which will be held to-day, and which must of course result in his committal to be tried by a higher court, when we fear Mr. Lynde will find it hard to escape, as his flight has already condemned him, even in the eyes of many of his intimates."

Such was the report of the scenes of the day and night before, which Jule, the Jewess, read so carefully through.

Then, as she closed the paper, she said, slowly:

"It was a mistake to urge him to fly, and I made the mistake.

"Had he remained, for none saw the act, he could have told his own story of the murder, as I fear it was, alas! and there would have been no one to contradict it.

"Now his flight will prove him guilty, and I know that the miser will do all in his power to bring him to the gallows.

"The Tombs is a strong prison, but as strong doors and walls have been opened before, and can be, ay, *shall be again*," and Jule, the Jewess, banished all care from her beautiful face, and arose to meet her mother, whom she heard coming up-stairs.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

Two preliminary examinations of great interest to the public, it seemed, were held in New York on the same day and before the same justice.

The first called was Fellows vs. Dorcas. In this case Lieutenant Dudley Dorcas, of the United States navy, a handsome young man, who was present in full uniform, was accused of firing upon one Nick Fellows, a gambler, with intent to kill, and wounding him in the head.

The young officer was accompanied by his lawyer, but the gambler, although fully able to appear, failed to do so, or to be even represented by an attorney, and the lieutenant was dismissed, and the suspicion became a fact that Fancy Nick Fellows knew that he had given the sailor cause to believe that he intended to kill him, and consequently made no charge against him.

Then Harold Lynde, accompanied by his father and two distinguished lawyers, appeared before the bar, and half an hour after the young millionaire returned to his cell in the Tombs, committed for trial on two charges; first, of secretly and with murderous intent entering the house of Ezra Quilp between midnight and dawn, and making an attempt upon the life of said Quilp.

Second, of having killed Detective Dade, who was sent to arrest him at his home, and then sought to escape by flight, in which he had boldly resisted arrest.

No bail was allowed to be taken in either case, and the elegant Howard Lynde went back to his cell feeling that the world, its joys and its beauties were forever shut out from him, for, if the riches of his father, and the efforts of his attorneys, failed to make the judge accept bail for him, his trial would go hard indeed with him he knew; and so also knew the gray-haired millionaire, who returned to his elegant home with a bleeding heart.

"My child, poor Harold is doomed, alas, doomed!" groaned the millionaire, as he sunk down in a chair in Isabel's room, upon his return from the trial.

"Father, be brave, be strong, for certainly this horrible charge cannot be proven against him, and, as no one saw him kill the officer, his own story must be taken of it," said the maiden, hopefully.

"No, no, he will be sentenced to the gallows."

"Why should he? The charge of this miser is ridiculous, for Harold owed him not a dollar," returned Isabel, who little dreamed that there was any truth in the charge that her brother had become a midnight assassin.

The millionaire made no reply, but groaned bitterly, for though Harold had said nothing to him of his attack on the miser, knowing the nature of his son, and from certain words the young man had said to Jule, the Jewess, and looks that passed between him and the miser which he now remembered, he feared that he had really made the attempt to get possession of the notes by taking Ezra Quilp's life.

"It was wrong for us to allow Harold to fly, for he may have had cause to kill the of-

ficer; I mean acting in self-defense," suggested Isabel.

The millionaire looked up quickly, glanced cautiously around the room, and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Would to God, my child, it were true; but you know Harold's nature as I do.

"He was armed, which I did not know, and which in itself, taking Quilp's charge into consideration, was a suspicious circumstance, and, when the officer arrested him he shot him.

"Knowing how guilty he was, Harold at once determined upon escape, for, had it been otherwise, he would have remained to brave it out."

"It seems that you reason truly, father, but Harold must not die for it; every bit of evidence in his behalf must be ferreted out, and every particle against him must be suppressed all in our power; who are the lawyers you have engaged, sir?"

"Judge Graham—"

"Ah! none better, sir: any one else?"

"Yes, he has a young associate, whom he speaks of most highly."

"Young associates must not be trusted in this case, father, for the present District Attorney is a fearful adversary to pit a fledgling lawyer against," said Isabel, firmly.

"The judge has perfect confidence in him, and what young Wilbur said at the trial to-day was sharp and to the point."

"Wilbur is his name?"

"Yes, Martin Wilbur; he is the son of a poor Episcopal minister in Virginia."

"Where have I heard that name before, father?" asked Isabel, meditatively.

"I know not, Bel, unless in the law reports."

"Which I never read, sir; no, I have heard the name, and it seems to me, as I dimly recall it from the past, under no pleasant circumstances; but I will not borrow trouble, for if Judge Graham is satisfied with Mr. Wilbur, I should be certainly; yet, father, the life of your son and my brother is at stake, and be his faults and his follies in the past what they may, he is in prison, charged with a double crime, and every effort, every sacrifice shall be made to save him," said the brave girl, earnestly.

"And it shall be, my child; he shall escape an ignominious death if I sacrifice my last dollar; yes, dearly as I love gold, it shall flow like water to the last drop to save my boy."

"God bless you, my dear, good papa; let us hope, and if the skill and eloquence of lawyers fail, we will try something else."

"What else?" and the millionaire looked up quickly into the beautiful face bending over him.

"Oh, gold weighs down iron, sir, and if both are put in the balance, the latter will go up, and the prisoner pass from under the bars," she said, significantly.

"I understand you; yes, if Judge Graham and Wilbur fail us, then I shall pit gold against stone and iron," and, with this new hope in his heart, the millionaire's face grew brighter.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALLIES IN THE SAME CAUSE.

"JULE, I see Victor coming up the walk."

The cry came in the voice of Mother Naomi, and startled Jule, the Jewess, from a deep reverie, as she sat in her room, her eyes bent on the sun going down beyond the Hoboken Heights, but her thoughts busy plotting and planning, for not yet had she been able to devise any plan of action in her determination to save Harold Lynde, and she longed for night to come, that, in the quiet and darkness of her own room, she could decide what course to pursue.

A blush swept over her marble like face, as her mother told her who was approaching, and she went into the sitting-room just as Victor Moloch entered, his handsome face more serious than was usual with him.

"You are back sooner than you expected, Victor; but I am so glad you have come," said the maiden, taking his hand.

"Yes, Jule, I have come to have a talk with you; where is your mother?" he said, quietly.

"Preparing dinner, and consequently in cooking attire, so you will not see her until she has primped up."

"I am glad to have a moment with you, Jule; but first let me thank you for your service rendered me yesterday," and he threw himself languidly into a seat.

"In the messenger garb, you mean?" she said, with a blush.

"Yes; you acted your part, admirably."

"And made such a handsome, ahem! boy."

that when I looked at myself in the glass at the hotel, I fell desperately in love with myself; how is that for conceit, Victor?" and she laughed merrily, but it was assumed laughter.

"I do not blame you, Jule, for as a woman none can see you and not love you, as your face is the mirror of a noble soul and a pure heart."

He spoke fervently, and it was the first time she had seen him so moved, and, wishing to change the subject, she said, quickly:

"Thank you, kindly, Victor, for the very pretty photograph you give of my virtues; but, tell me, what was the secret of your movement regarding the Lynde notes?"

"They were paid," he answered, abruptly.

"Paid! then Miss Lynde was sacrificed to that miser Quilp?" she said, sorrowfully.

"No, Mr. Lynde paid the money, when Quilp called, took up his notes, and thereby caused the miser to attempt another way to avenge himself, and bitterly he has done so; here is the paper with the account, and I wish to read it to you," and he drew the *Herald* from his pocket.

"First, let me ask you, Victor, and do not believe me inquisitive, but how did Mr. Lynde manage to get his notes from the miser, when he refused to take from me double their value?"

"He could not refuse, when money, calling for their face and interest, was tendered by the drawer of the notes."

"Ah! and did you advance this money to Mr. Lynde?"

"I did," he said, and his face colored slightly.

"On what plea could you do so?"

"He gave me security," he said, hesitatingly.

"Then I have to thank you for doing this for me, as I know, at my request you acted, and I hope you will get a good interest for your outlay, Victor; but I am so glad dear Isabel Lynde will not have to know sorrow."

"And her brother, Harold Lynde?" quickly asked Victor Moloch.

"I would guard him from harm too, Victor, for though you think he acted with evil purpose toward me, I cannot believe it, and am glad to repay him for what he did do."

"I am happy to hear you say this, Jule, for I may call upon you to aid me; now let me read this paper to you, and, if you have not already heard of the misfortune and sorrow that have fallen upon the Lyndes, prepare to feel for them most deeply."

"I know all, Victor, for Mr. Quilp gave me a paper this morning."

"You do not know though, that bail was refused, for both charges against him, and that he is in the Tombs, and the public judgment is that he will hang for his crimes."

Jule turned a shade paler, and Victor Moloch went on to tell her of the result of the preliminary trial, and ended by saying:

"The Christians have it that Providence directed that he should assume the disguise of an officer of the navy, for whom the police were searching, and thus be caught; but you and I, with the religion of our fathers, know that it was accident."

She looked up quickly from beneath her long-fringed lids.

"Did he suspect her?" was the thought that flashed through her mind.

Then came another:

"Had she been found out in any way?"

But his face showed no sign of distrusting her, and, after a moment, Victor Moloch continued:

"Jule, what may be, in your heart, your feelings for this young profligate?"

"Victor Moloch, you forget that Harold Lynde is a *Christian*, and I a *Jewess*," she said, haughtily, and her words caused him to wince, for the reader knows how well the random shot hit the center in Victor Moloch's case.

Seeing his pained look, she continued quickly:

"Forgive me, Victor, but it was hard to feel that you would believe for an instant that I would forget the creed of my people and turn my back upon the God of Israel, to love one of a race who had persecuted us for long centuries."

"No, no, there is a wall between the Christian and the Israelite never so high, and only a renegade to our creed can scale it."

The man drooped his head, and his lips were firm set, for again did her words sink like a knife into his inmost heart.

"You are right, Jule," he said, at last, "from the standpoint of our race; but then love is a strange leveler of castes and creeds."

"Love would elevate my thoughts, not lower them to a level beneath me and cause me to forget my people and the God of Abraham," was the prompt response, and the brows of the man contracted, as though with pain, while he said in a low tone, in which his voice sounded strangely soft and musical:

"Jule, let us not discuss this subject more, for I but spoke of your feeling, perhaps, a secret regard for Harold Lynde, that might prompt you to act for his behalf."

"Ah! you wish to serve him then?" she said, quickly.

"I do not wish to see him die on the gallows," was the somewhat evasive reply.

"Do you think he will be hanged?" she asked, with deep interest.

"I know it."

"Can his lawyers not save him?"

"No, for the case seems too clear against him regarding his killing of the officer, and his foolish attempt to escape brands him with having done it purposely."

"And this charge against him of having attempted to assassinate the miser?" quietly asked Jule.

"Jule, what of that charge?"

She started, for the question came so direct, and his eyes were fastened intently upon her.

"How do you mean, Victor?"

"The paper says the miser was saved by some one coming in?"

"Yes, I read it."

"It presumes it to have been one of a Jewish family, who had just moved into this house," and he still eyed her closely.

"So I noticed," was the calm reply.

"I did not awaken that night."

"No?" in a way of inquiry.

"No, and your mother certainly did not, or she would have spoken of it."

"Yes?" in the same tone.

"You were awake, Jule?"

"Yes."

"And told me you overheard what passed between the miser and his visitor, Harold Lynde."

"I told you truly; I heard what passed, and I heard the meditations aloud of Ezra Quilp."

"And the miser says his life was saved by one who entered suddenly, and yet you told me of hearing no strange voice."

"Nor did I, Victor; if the miser has made some false statements, why may he not make others?"

"In what respect?"

"He said that *Harold Lynde* owed him money, and gave the notes, and you and I know it was his father."

"Ah! I had not thought of that; I see now that Ezra Quilp will do anything to hang Harold Lynde; but I wish to have you aid me in plotting against the carrying out of his purpose."

"You wish me to help you, Victor?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes."

"How can I?"

"Do you object?"

"No."

"And you will do so?"

"How can I?"

"You aided me splendidly in the note business, and can again."

"Tell me how and I will."

"That is the question. I do not know how, and I have come to you to aid me in devising some plan, for your woman's wit will be of the greatest service."

"Victor, tell me why you have so suddenly developed this deep interest in the Lyndes," and she looked him squarely in the face.

Again his face flushed, but he answered, evasively:

"Jule, did you not ask me to aid them yesterday?"

"Yes, and you do this wholly for me, Victor? It is indeed most kind of you."

He saw that she believed him, and, his noble nature revolting against implying a falsehood to her, he answered, frankly:

"Jule, I would do anything I could to serve you, or to give you pleasure, for, as you know, you are very dear to me; but I will honestly answer you that I have another motive for my actions in this matter."

Her beautifully arched brows were raised, and her eyes, not her lips, asked the question:

"What is that motive, Victor?"

He understood her look, and answered:

"Jule, I cannot now tell you my reasons for wishing to save Harold Lynde from an ignominious death; but trust me wholly in this matter, and in good time you shall know all, and more, for there is a secret I have to tell you."

"A secret, Victor, and between you and the Lyndes?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes, the foundation of which was laid long ago; but ask me no more now, for I pledge you to tell you before very long, and should have told you to-day, had it not been for this tragedy."

"Now we must work together to save Harold Lynde."

"Victor, all that I can do, I will gladly do: command me," she said, earnestly.

"Listen: Harold Lynde is in the Tombs, and you know its security from the escape of a prisoner; and yet, Jule, he must escape from there, for that is the only way to help him."

"The guards are true, or believed so, the walls are thick, the iron bars are strong, and eyes will be constantly watching him; but for all that we must get him out, and your little brain can do it, while I plan his flight after he gets out."

"Give me to-night to think of it," she said, with no desire to make known to Victor Moloch that she had intended spending the night in that very way.

"Very well, and I will think of it too, and tomorrow we will compare notes, for I am determined that the brother of—I mean the son of Mr. Andrew Lynde shall not die," and Victor Moloch glanced quickly into the face of the Jewess, to see if she had noticed his slip of the tongue.

But she appeared not to have done so, and repeated his last words:

"And I am determined that Harold Lynde shall not die."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LEGAL INQUISITION.

IN one of the strongest and most dismal cells of the New York prison, so appropriately named "The Tombs," sat a man upon whom even the eyes of his fellow-unfortunates were turned with a certain curiosity amounting to awe, for why such a man had committed crime to bring him to that wretched place was more than hardened criminals could understand.

A hungry man stealing bread they could appreciate, for they too had felt the gnawings of starvation; a man cornered in some burglary taking life to save his freedom, they could understand, as they could also the act of the sneak-thief to keep body and soul together; but a man born in luxury, reared in extravagance, and with everything heart could desire at his beck and call, to become the midnight assassin, to strike to death the officer of the law sent to arrest him, and not make his money buy him off at the trial, they could not comprehend.

And such was their curiosity regarding Harold Lynde, who had invaded their prison retreat.

The comforts, in the way of a carpet on his cell, an easy-chair, soft bedding, books and cigars, with which his father's wealth had supplied him, seemed to the other less fortunate criminals like bedecking a corpse with diamonds and fine silks: for if the heart was cursed with bitter memories, if the hand was reddened with innocent blood, if the shadow of the gallows already fell across his open grave, what hollow mockery were luxuries to the white-faced, haggard, stern-lipped man who silently paced his narrow cell from morn till night, with the same leonine tread, the same nervous step, and untiring gait of the caged brute.

Thus pacing to and fro between his stone walls, the third day of his stay in the Tombs, Harold Lynde was startled by the words from the keeper on duty:

"A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is he, and what does he want with me?" was the fretful query.

"Your lawyer I believe he is."

"All right; show him into my dismal den, though why he comes to bother me I know not, as the public have already tried and convicted me," he said, bitterly.

The keeper beckoned to some one, and a tall, slender person, very elegant in appearance, very courteous in manner, and with a dark, intellectual and exceedingly handsome face, advanced and was admitted.

"I have permission to see Mr. Lynde wholly alone, officer," he said, with a pleasant manner, to the keeper.

"I know it, sir; such orders was sent, and lawyers is always permitted to see clients; how long, sir?"

"Half an hour, officer, please."

"Very well, sir; but I must lock you in."

"I do not mind it," was the smiling response, and the key turned and the keeper disappeared.

"Mr. Lynde, I am glad to see you less dispirited than I feared, sir."

"You are my junior counsel, I believe?" and Harold Lynde eyed the attorney closely.

"Yes, sir; the judge, my senior, asked me to come, sir, and I will introduce myself, as I see you do not seem to remember me."

"I do remember you now; you are Merton

Wilbur," and the prisoner's face changed color.

"I am Merton Wilbur, sir, the charity student of the University—but now a practitioner of law in this city," was the smiling response.

"And you are to defend me in this case?"

"Yes, why not?"

"We were not friends in those days."

"It was your fault, not mine; I went to the University a poor charity student, for my father was not able to give me the advantages I desired, and we had an unpleasant misunderstanding."

"Yes, about a Jew; one Adolph Hugo."

"Yes, sir; but that is passed; I punished you, and I was punished by expulsion; but I got my diploma from another college, and I say now let the past bury its dead, and let us talk of the present, for I have determined that you are at heart too good a fellow to hang, and intend to save you."

There was something in the frank, hopeful manner of the young lawyer that won Harold Lynde over at once, and gave him confidence and hope, and he held forth his hand and said in a voice that quivered:

"Wilbur, forgive my insolence to you that day and be my friend."

"Gladly; now to business, and pardon me if I seem very inquisitive, but you know it's a lawyer's prerogative toward a client."

"First tell me has my father hope of saving me from the gallows?"

"Not the slightest, though he told me to use his purse as my own to do so."

"And my sister?"

"Is hopeless, for I received a letter from her, or rather the firm did."

"And your partner, Judge Graham?"

"Has the lawyer's hope against hope."

"You draw a dismal picture, sir."

"Day brightens as the sun rises, Mr. Lynde."

"The public believe me guilty?"

"Why should they not when you ran off?"

"You are plain-spoken at any rate; but does any one believe I can be saved?"

"There is one who does, but who I know not, as the note and accompanying funds were anonymous."

"What mean you, Mr. Wilbur?" asked Harold, in surprise.

"I received by express a package of money, amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars; with it was a note, in a hand that was beyond my knowledge to trace whether written by a man or woman, and it read simply:

"Use this to save Harold Lynde by fair or foul means."

"If you need more, be it double or quadruple this sum, put in the Personals of the *Herald* the amount needed and sign it in the old word *Ezra*."

"And no name was to this strange note?" said the amazed young man.

"None."

"One more question to you, sir?"

"Well?"

"Do you think you can save me?"

"That is what I have come to find out by a chat with you."

"Apply your inquisitorial screws; I am ready," was the resigned remark, and Harold leaned back indolently in his chair; but was brought up with a start at the first question.

"Is miser Quilp a liar, or are you the assassin at heart he says you are?"

"Mr. Wilbur!" and indignation flashed in the eyes of the prisoner.

"Mr. Lynde," was the calm response, "do not forget that you are to be as an open book to me, and I must read your thoughts as I can my own; there must be no blot upon the page to hide aught from me, for I must work with my eyes open, to see beyond these walls where you cannot see, my hands free, and not shackled as are yours; in fact, I must know everything, and again I ask you, did you attempt to kill Ezra Quilp?"

For his very life Harold Lynde could not resist the fascination of the man before him, for the dark, strong face, the brilliant black eyes, and the winning voice held him as under a charm, and he said in response, in a firm voice:

"I did."

"Enough on that score as to what you did; now, again: did you kill Detective Dade without a cause?"

"Yes."

"Describe the act."

"He asked me if I was Harold Lynde, and upon my answering in the affirmative, said:

"Then, as an officer of the law, I arrest you for intent to kill Ezra Quilp."

"And your reply, Mr. Lynde?"

"I told him he had mistaken his man, and—*I killed him.*"

"Thank you, Mr. Lynde, now we will see

what brought all this about," and for a long half-hour Harold Lynde underwent a most searching ordeal of questioning, and to all gave frank and truthful answers.

Then the keeper reappeared, and Merton Wilbur arose, and said, in his pleasant way:

"Cheer up, Lynde, for your case is by no means hopeless, and you may yet live to see old Quilp hanged."

CHAPTER XIX.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

MOTHER NAOMI was slowly wending her way homeward, a small market-basket upon her arm, when she came upon a man who put out his hand, and, almost rudely, stopped her, while he said in Hebrew:

"Do my eyes lie? or are you Rachel Muir?"

She looked him straight in the face, striving to recall his features, and said slowly:

"I am she that once was Rachel Muir; now I am Rachel Naomi, grown so old that folks call me Mother Naomi; who is it that finds resemblance in this old face and drooping form to the Rachel of long ago?"

"Look in my eyes, Rachel, and see if you cannot read the name I bore a quarter of a century ago," and he placed both hands upon her shoulder and turned his dark eyes full upon her.

She saw before her a man of forty-five, perhaps, of supple form, bronzed face, and clothed in tatters.

He was a Hebrew, with a face strongly marked with boldness and determination, but looked as though he were ill.

"Yes, I recall a resemblance to one who was my kin," she said, slowly.

"Hail go on, Rachel, and tell me who he was?"

"He was one whom our mother bore with me; he was my twin-brother, Isador."

"Have you done, Rachel?" he asked, eagerly.

"You are like Isador, but you cannot be my brother, and yet—"

"Go on, Rachel."

"And your eyes cannot lie, be the face and form what it may," she said, earnestly, and he asked in a low tone:

"Who am I, Rachel?"

"But Isador is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes; he left us in the long ago, with a heart bowed down with woe, and he sailed for a far-away land just as he had crossed the threshold of manhood."

"Why did he sail, Rachel?"

"A woman; one with a sweet face, but he believed a false heart, drove him away, and the ship went down in the sea, and we have never heard of him more."

"He was lost then?"

"Yes."

"Rachel, I am Isador Muir."

One glad cry and the trembling hands of the woman rested upon his shoulders, and her head was bowed until her gray hair rested upon his breast, while she said, in quivering tones:

"You were but a boy then, and in all these years changes have come, my brother, but you are Isador Muir, and blessed be the God of Israel for bringing thee back to me."

"But I come in rags, Rachel," he said, sadly.

"What care I? Is not your heart the same, for did you not recognize Rachel Muir, the beauty of thirty years ago, in old Mother Naomi?"

"But you seem not rich, my sister?"

"I am not, but I am comfortable, and my home is as thine, for we have a warm friend."

"We! who?"

"My child and I."

"And thy husband, for thou dost bear the name of Naomi?"

"Lies in his grave."

"Alas! and thy children?"

"But one, I said; a daughter, Jule."

"Is she as beautiful as thou wert, Rachel?"

"More so, Isador."

"Then she is proud."

"Only as becomes her blood."

"But will not welcome her vagabond uncle." "Ah, Isador, be not a skeptic regarding thy own blood; Jule is my daughter, I said. Come and see if she welcome not thee."

She took him by the hand, and, as in years before when they were children, she led him along.

They had stood by the gate leading into the miser's weed-grown grounds, and up the narrow path she conducted him.

"Dost live here, Rachel?" he asked, looking critically at the old homestead.

"Yes."

"Thou indeed have thy riches fled from thee."

"But withal it is a pleasant home; the rooms are large and comfortable, the air is fresh, the view of the river is beautiful, with its bosom dotted with sail, and the birds sing merrily in the trees; it is like you and me, Isador, old and time-scarred without, but like our hearts, when you look within the house you will find it cheerful, and a warm welcome will be there for you."

She had paused as she spoke, her hand upon the door-knob; but now she threw it open and ushered him in, and then up to her own rooms.

At a harp, idly running her fingers over the strings, sat Jule, the Jewess, and she looked up in some surprise as her mother entered with a stranger.

"Jule, hast thou a welcome for one we deemed dead before you were born; one whose wail, as we have often sat by the seaside, we have thought we heard on the winds, and whose groan we caught in the roar of the surf; one who went away in the long ago, not to die, but to return to us broken in health, destitute, and seeking only a corner at her fireside?"

The woman spoke with strange pathos, and, at her first words Jule had risen.

The man stood like a statue of poverty, his tattered clothes hanging around him, his bronzed face stretched forward, and his eager, burning eyes watching as he waited.

Coming over to him Jule took both of his hands in her own, and said frankly:

"You are uncle Isador I know, though we never met, and I grew up to think of you as dead; as one from the grave you come to us, and our warm hearts will shield thy latter years from the sorrows and distress thy earlier ones seem to have known."

"The God of Abraham bless thee, Jule Naomi, and the blessings of Israel fall upon this household," said the man, in an impressive tone, raising his hands above his head.

Then, with a strange twinkle in his eyes, he said:

"Rachel, sister, thou hast reared thy child after thy own heart, to have her welcome one like me; but know thou, Rachel and Jule, I am not the beggar I seem, for I come to thee rich; ay, there can no more want come to this household, for the wealth of Isador Muir is as thine own."

CHAPTER XX.

A LEAF FROM THE BYGONE.

"YOU would hear, Jule, why thy uncle so long remained as though dead, and, with a fortune, remains in rags like the veriest beggar," said Isador Naomi, when the two sat together that evening after dinner.

"Yes, for I confess to my share of woman's curiosity, uncle," answered Jule, the Jewess, with a smile.

"Dost know why I left my native land?" he asked, quickly.

"Only that thou hadst a sorrow that drove thee away."

"Girl, I will tell thee of that sorrow; I will tell thee that when but one-score years had left their impress upon me I loved."

"The one I loved was a girl as beautiful as thou art in face and form, but her heart was hideously deformed."

His eyes flashed as he spoke, though he recalled one to memory who had proven false to him nearly thirty years before, and Jule said, quietly:

"Don't tell me the story, uncle, if it gives you pain."

"Pain! why, child, I have known only pain in all these long years; it has at last eaten a sore in my heart that is killing me, and that is why I came back to my native land, for here are our people at home."

"I had several attacks that prostrated me in the street, and I came back home to be near my kindred when the end shall come."

"Oh, uncle, you will live many long years yet," said Jule, hopefully.

"Not so; the canker-worm is gnawing to the seat of life, and the end must come soon, though perhaps not for months."

"But I was to tell thee, Jule, why I left my kindred and my home."

"The one I loved, Salome Monica, lured me on to my own destruction, fed me with hope, and then became the wife of Marcus Hugo, my best friend."

"How false indeed was her heart," said Jule, indignantly, and then she added: "Her name was Salome Monica, you say, and she married Marcus Hugo?"

"Yes, just a quarter of a century ago they were married."

"She sent me a note, begging me to forgive her, and to prove my forgiveness by going to the wedding."

"I did so, Jule; I was a silversmith, then."

and a skilled worker, and I toiled night and day to give her a wedding gift worthy of the forgiveness of Isador Muir.

"It was completed the very evening of the wedding, and it cost me every dollar I had in the world."

"I have heard of it; a star of solid gold, set with opals, rubies and diamonds," said Jule.

"Yes, and with the gold face of it carved beautifully to represent a star and its rays, the rays being of various tints; ah! it was a costly trinket, and a beautiful one, and I was repaid for my work on it, for it accomplished its end," the man said with sudden fierceness of manner, which caused the maiden to start, and ask:

"Accomplished what end, uncle Isador?"

"The end I sought, of course; to show her that I forgave her and her husband."

"She is dead now I believe?"

"Yes, she died one year after her marriage, and since then I have heard no word of home and kindred, for the night of the wedding I left, as I believed forever, and the ship in which I sailed went down in mid-ocean, and but two of us survived of all her crew, and we were rescued, after days of drifting in an open boat, more dead than alive."

"From that day I have been a wanderer in foreign lands."

"She left one child," said Jule, as though her thoughts were of the woman who had driven Isador Muir to become a restless wanderer about the earth.

The man sprang to his feet as though an ad-dler had stung him, and cried, with vehemence:

"Salome Monica left a child?"

"Yes, uncle, a boy."

"Where is that boy, now?"

"He is a man, now."

"A man; well, I forget that it was long years ago; did Marcus Hugo also die?"

"Yes."

"Jule, tell me what you know of those two," he said, pleadingly.

"My mother, in speaking of you, has spoken of them, and she it was who told me that Salome, who treated you so ill, died one year after her marriage—"

"Yes, that was well, that was well," the man mutteringly said.

"That she left one child, a boy, whom they named Adolph Isador Hugo."

"Ha! after me?"

"So it seemed, uncle."

"And that boy?"

"Grew to man's estate, and his father educated him as well as his means would permit."

"Why, Hugo was rich."

"Was, but he lost his riches in some way, and what he lived on, and educated Adolph with, was the money he got from the gem star, your wedding present."

"Ha! he sold it then after his wife's death?" the man asked, quickly.

"No, he kept it until forced to part with it, and then he pawned it, and paid the interest on it up to his death; but Adolph, learning its history, it seems, refused to pay more on it, for he said it would be as a star of ill-omen to him, given as it was by a man whom his mother had been false in heart to."

"The boy had honor; well, this star of ill-omen was then lost, Jule?"

"So I suppose, uncle; that was years ago."

The man was silent for a moment, as though communing with the past, and then said:

"Now, Jule, let me tell you why I dress in rags."

"I will be glad to know, for, as you are no miser, like the one we rent our rooms from, it is a strange freak for a rich man."

"Well, I have been such a tramp that the garb suits me well, Jule; but when I left home long ago, I wanted to die, but I would not take my life; then, when our ship went down I clung to life, and, in my gnawing hunger and damning thirst, in my fearful danger of death, I prayed to the God of Israel to spare me, and pledged myself to dress as a beggar the remainder of my days."

"My life was spared, and in tatters have I clothed myself ever since; but the heart, Jule, the heart is not deformed, and my blood is still warm for my kindred, as you, my sweet Jule shall know, for fortune has followed after my footsteps through all, and you shall be the heir to the riches I possess."

Jule gave one quick, surprised glance into his face, and then, overcome with emotion, burst into tears, for her heart was too full for utterance.

CHAPTER XXI.

JULE GROWS INQUISITIVE.

"WHY, child, Jule, what ails you?" asked

Isador Muir, as he saw how deeply the maiden was moved when he told her of his intention to make her his heiress.

"Oh, uncle! do you think I have no heart to remain unmoved by your kindness?" she said, reproachfully.

"Well, Jule, it should not bring tears; let me tell you that I knew not of your existence, and there was one I intended to make my heir."

"Do not change then, uncle," said the maiden, quickly.

"Ah, girl, death made it necessary, for he died."

"I will tell you about him, and strange to say he looked as much like you to be your brother, though he was not of our people."

"No, he was a handsome Christian lad of eighteen when death called him away."

"His father had gone out to India and prospered there, and we were friends, for he was not a man to sneer at our race."

"The lad, then a little child, was most kind to me, and once, for weeks, nursed me through a long spell of sickness."

"Again he saved my life when a man sprung upon me in anger; he turned the knife aside, for he was passing near, and I never forgot the noble boy."

"When his father died, the boy kept on at the business and accumulated quite a sum; but he seemed homesick, and one day, when I told him I was coming home, back to America, he said he would come, too."

"But then it was that death stepped in and prevented, for he fell sick of fever; but to me he intrusted his gold and his papers, for I stood by holding his hand when he died."

"Well, I came on to America, and some day soon I must go down to the Tombs, where the boy has a brother of his father an assistant keeper, I believe, and give him up the papers and the gold."

Jule, the Jewess, started suddenly, as though some strange thought had flashed through her mind, and she said, quickly:

"The uncle of the lad was one of the keepers at the Tombs, you say?"

"Yes, Jule."

"He does not know of the boy's death?"

"Ah, no, for he died in India, and there was no one to tell him."

"Of course he knew that his brother went to India?"

"Yes, and died there, for he wrote the lad, Stanley Grey, to return to him, and be as a son to him, for he had no son, being a bachelor."

"And you have the boy's papers and gold?"

"Yes, a trunk of papers and things he left; it is the one that came with my chest this morn-

ing; then I have drafts on a bank here for some five thousand dollars the boy left his uncle, but I have delayed going to the Tombs, as I have a dread of going there."

"Let me do it for you, uncle, for I would be glad to see the interior of that old pile of stone," said Jule, coaxingly.

"You go in there, Jule?"

"Yes, uncle, why not?"

"Well, if you wish it, for I would be glad to be shut out of the duty."

"Then tell me all about the poor boy, his early life and habits, that you know."

"I'll give you all the information I can, Jule, and it is much, for I knew him as well as did his father."

"How old was he when he went to India?"

"But a year or two, and his mother died on the voyage over."

With strange persistency and inquisitiveness Jule, the Jewess, questioned her uncle regarding the dead youth and his antecedents, and then asked, in an earnest tone:

"Does any one know that you have charge of the boy's money and effects?"

"Oh, no; he died at a bungalow, and I and several natives were all that were with him."

Jule's eyes gleamed with a strange light, and her face was flushed, as though from excitement, but suddenly changing the subject she asked:

"When do you and mother go to Baltimore, uncle Isador?"

"Whenever your mother is willing for I am anxious to see if I can find trace of some little property your father had there, and which he bought when I was with him, and that has escaped your mother's memory."

"The town has grown since then, and if your father did not sell it, the property is most valuable if we can get hold of it; but you accompany us, Jule?"

"No, uncle; you know that I have some little literary taste, and I am anxious to complete a work I am engaged on, and I will do much the day or two you are gone."

"But we may be away for a week, and perhaps two."

"So much the better for my work, uncle Isador."

"But you will be lonesome here alone."

"Not with my work, books and harp."

And to all urging of both her uncle and mother Jule remained deaf, and the two started for Baltimore, leaving the maiden alone in the old homestead, for the past few days Quilp the miser had seldom been seen at his home.

As her mother and Isador Naomi disappeared from sight Jule's face brightened greatly, and with a triumphant flash of her splendid eyes she said:

"Now, Harold Lynde, you shall see what a woman's work shall do, for if you are not free this night week I shall no longer take pride in the name of Jule, the Jewess."

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ARRIVAL AT THE TOMBS.

ASSISTANT KEEPER STANLEY GREY, of the city prison, was pacing the stone corridors between the cells, having attended to his morning supervision of the prisoners, when one of the guards came to him and told him that a youth wished to see him.

In a small ante-room Stan Grey, as he was familiarly called by those who were his associates, found a handsome lad of about seventeen or eighteen awaiting him.

The youth's face was darkly bronzed, as though from long exposure to wind and wave, his black hair curled about his temples, and he was dressed in a jaunty suit, while he carried a small cane in his hand.

"Are you Stanley Grey?" asked the youth, stepping forward as the keeper came into the room.

"I am; who, may I ask, are you, and how can I serve you?"

"Do you recognize no resemblance in my face to any you have known in the past?"

"By the Lord Harry! you are my nephew and namesake, Stanley Grey; right welcome are you, my boy, right welcome indeed," and the keeper, with tears in his eyes, for he had a warm heart, in spite of his stern calling as the guard of criminals, drew the boy to him affectionately, while he continued, in disjointed sentences:

"You look like your father—when he was your age—poor Alf, to find a grave in a far-away land—and you have come to cheer your old uncle's heart? Well, I am glad, so glad of it—when did you come—"

"The steamer from England arrived this morning, uncle Stan."

"Ah, yes; well, you came that way, did you?"

"It is the pleasantest route, and the quickest to come via England."

"Why, so it is; and what a great traveler you have been, Stanley; but come into my quarters with me, and we'll have a chat until I am off duty and then we'll go and have a good dinner together."

"This is a dismal place to welcome a long absent nephew to, but then one gets accustomed to stone walls, iron bars and misery, you know, boy, and I have no other place to invite you."

"I do not mind it, uncle Stan; in fact I will take real pleasure in looking about this old pile; that is if it is allowable," answered the youth.

"Oh, yes, as my nephew you will have the run of the place," said the keeper, with some pride in his own importance, and he led the youth to his own quarters, all the time asking him innumerable questions.

At last the two were seated together, in the corridor facing one of the cells in which a man untiringly paced to and fro, and the keeper looked into the face of his nephew and asked curiously:

"Stanley, it seems to me you've got just the faintest look of a Jew about you."

"Do you think so, uncle?"

"I do indeed; your mother I never saw but once; she was a Miss Phillips I believe."

"Yes, my mother was a Jewess."

"Ah, indeed! now I never knew that before; but then Phillips is a Jew name."

"Yes, uncle."

"Then you come honestly by the little Jew look in your face, my boy; but I won't complain of that, and, in fact, it's not enough to speak of, and rather adds to your good looks, for, Stanley, you are a very handsome youth."

"Thank you, uncle."

"Yes, you look like your father too, and he and I were said to be as much alike as twins; yes, you are the image of him, nephew, and you come well by your good looks," and the some-

what homely keeper stroked his own face caressingly.

"Uncle, who is that prisoner?" asked the youth, attentively regarding the man who so persistently paced his cell.

"That is a young aristocrat who has run his head into the gallows noose," was the answer.

"Ah! what has he done?"

"Tried to kill one man, and killed another, and one of the best officers in the secret service."

"What is his name, uncle?"

"Harold Lynde, and his father is a millionaire, and will spend hundreds of thousands to save his son's neck; in fact, I have received a hint that I could make a snug little fortune by letting the young aristocrat go free."

"It's tempting, isn't it, uncle?" said the youth.

"Yes, to some men, but not to me, Stanley; my duty is here, and my honor at stake, and one hundred thousand dollars would not tempt me; in fact, money cannot buy me, be the price what it may," said the honest man, and his face was an indication that he spoke the truth.

"I shouldn't think any one could escape from this place," remarked the youth from India, glancing curiously around.

"Oh, yes, a man with friends and money can escape from any place but the grave; if Mr. Harold was poor he'd hang, for it looks as though he were guilty, and if so he must go under the gallows rich as he is."

The youth sighed, and, some one calling his uncle aside about some matter, he strolled himself about the passageways, apparently with boyish curiosity, and soon stopped and looked in through the grated door of the cell occupied by Harold Lynde.

The young man's face was haggard and pale, and his lips were firmly set, as though he suffered, while his eyes were sunken and inflamed.

"I am sorry for you, sir," said the youth, kindly, yet in a very low tone.

Harold Lynde turned an angry look upon the speaker, and seemed about to make some impatient retort; but there was something in the lad's face that checked him, and he said, bitterly:

"I am sorry for myself, boy."

"Well, lad, have you made the acquaintance of Mr. Lynde?" called out his uncle some minutes after, as he returned to his post and found him talking to the prisoner.

"Yes, uncle Stan, I have promised to read to Mr. Lynde, if you will let me, for he says he would like to have me, and is too restless to read himself; it will keep his mind off his troubles, you know."

"Yes, Grey, I would be glad to have your nephew read to me and chat with me, if you can break that much through prison discipline," said Harold Lynde.

"There certainly is no harm in it, sir; but, nephew, I will have to lock you in the cell when you do so; but come, my time is up, so let us go and have dinner together," and, another keeper coming to relieve Stanley Grey, he left the prison with his nephew.

But in the afternoon the youth returned to the Tombs, telling the keeper he preferred to remain with him to going about the city seeing the sights, and Keeper Grey consequently arranged it so as to have his nephew become a privileged personage in the gloomy old pile that covered so much of crime, sorrow and misery from the gaze of the busy world without.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN OLD HEAD ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.

"STANLEY, run up to the court-house, where you went with me yesterday, and ask the judge to please send two officers from there down after the prisoner, as the funeral of Keeper Burns to-day makes us too short just now for me to spare any from here, and Keeper Grey glanced at an official-looking paper he held in his hand.

"What prisoner, uncle?" asked the inquisitive youth.

"Mr. Lynde; and tell them to come in a carriage, for he is so well-known that he would be recognized and have a rabble at his heels; go quick, Stanley, for he must be at the court by four o'clock."

The youth departed on his errand, and the keeper turned to Harold Lynde, who, hearing his name mentioned, asked what was the matter.

"Oh, I guess your father's money is going to get you bailed out after all; but, if you were a poor man, it could never be done."

"What makes you think so, keeper?" asked the prisoner, quickly, while a flush of hope swept over his face.

"The judge just sent a messenger here with

orders to bring you to his rooms; and, as you were put here to await your trial, it looks as if that smart young lawyer, Wilbur, had found flaw enough in the commitment to get you bailed out, for what else can it mean?"

"I certainly cannot tell you; well, do you go with me now?"

"I don't go with you at all, as I cannot leave here, and being short to-day, on account of the funeral of one of our men, I have sent for the court officers to take you there, so you'd better get ready," and the keeper seemed in ill-humor at the prospect that money was going to save the man who killed his friend, Detective Dade, from hanging.

In less than half an hour the youth returned, and he was accompanied by two court officers, one of whom was known to Keeper Grey.

Securely handcuffed, Harold Lynde was led out of his cell to the carriage in waiting, which rapidly rolled off up toward the City Hall.

Missing his nephew after awhile Keeper Grey upon being relieved of duty, went in search of him, and not finding him about the prison, concluded he had gone on to the court-room with the prisoner, so he wended his way in that direction.

But searching there was fruitless, as far as finding the youth was concerned, though to the dismay of the keeper, he learned a fact that alarmed him, for in full haste he returned to the Tombs.

"Has the prisoner been brought back?" was his breathless question.

"What prisoner, Grey?" inquired the officer on duty.

"Harold Lynde."

"Didn't know he was out."

"Yes, a letter came here from the judge while you had all gone to the funeral, telling me to send Mr. Lynde up to the court-house, and I thought his lawyers were going to get him bailed out, so sent him under the charge of two officers."

"Well, what are you anxious about, for he is up there."

"No, he is not."

"Where is he then?"

"God only knows; the men at the court-house say he did not come there."

"Perhaps he went to the house of the judge," suggested the other keeper.

"Yes, that is it," said Keeper Grey, with a sigh of relief.

Then he quickly asked:

"Have you seen my nephew?"

"No, but he's around, I guess."

"He went off with the prisoner, I think, for he seemed deeply interested in Lynde the three days he has been here with me."

"He's a handsome boy, Grey; don't look a bit like his uncle," and there was a merry twinkle in the speaker's eye.

"Why, he's very much like me, Ben," said Keeper Grey, earnestly, and he added:

"He's a fine boy, Ben, a fine boy, and I would trust him under any circumstances; what is it, Carter?" and Keeper Grey turned to a prison official who just then entered, a letter in his hand.

"A letter for you, sir, and a trunk came with it."

"Ah yes, my nephew's; how much is the expressage, Carter?"

"He simply left it at the door for you, and went off; the man brought it on his shoulders; but what is it, sir?"

And well he might ask, for Keeper Grey had opened the letter and reeled back against the stone wall, his face livid.

"Boys, there has been Satan to pay here, and I'm the victim; read this letter, Ben, for I can't do it," and he sunk into a chair, while Ben Curry took the letter and read aloud as follows:

"KEEPER STANLEY GREY:

"DEAR SIR:

"You are too noble and honest a man to have been made a tool of, but the life of Harold Lynde was not to be sacrificed if aught could save him, and you have been victimized, and I regret it deeply, but I would far more regret the death of the prisoner, for whom there was no hope, did he wait to stand his trial."

The reader paused, and the three men looked at each other with surprise.

"First, to relieve you of all suspicion of wrong in the eyes of those who will be only too ready to charge you with complicity, I will say that it came to my knowledge, from the lips of one who knew your brother and his son well in India, that I resembled greatly your nephew, and a bold plan entered my head to impersonate him, knowing that, his father being dead, you had written to him to come to America."

"Alas! I grieve to tell you that the one who gave

me the information saw your nephew die of fever seven months ago in an East-Indian bungalow—"

"God have mercy upon me!" groaned the poor keeper, and Ben Curry continued:

"Ere your nephew died he gave into the hands of my informant all his papers, and his effects, with five thousand dollars in gold."

"The trunk I send herewith, and in it you will find all as your nephew left it, the money being there also, and to you, his uncle, for whom he was named, young Stanley Grey left everything."

"That's a windfall for you at any rate, Grey," said the reader of the letter.

"Curse the gold! I would give it all to have Harold Lynde now in that cell; but read on, Ben, read on!"

Resuming, Ben Curry read:

"Knowing, as I did, that there was an accidental resemblance between myself and your nephew, and being in possession of all the facts, with his trunk, papers, clothing and gold, and aware that you had not seen him since he was an infant, I boldly assumed his name and character, and plotted successfully the escape of Mr. Lynde."

"Through a clerk at the court-house, who was well bribed, I got a letter written as from the judge, and gold bought another official to play his part in going to the Tombs, in company with another hireling, for the prisoner."

"Once out of the prison walls, and the bribed court officer and clerk drove the prisoner to a place of safety for him and themselves, and pursuit will be useless, as their escape is too well planned."

"As for myself, when you catch me, I am willing to undergo my punishment, but it is 'catching before hanging,' you know."

"With sorrow for the loss of the noble nephew whom you hoped to have live to cheer your later years, and sincere regret at having had to make you the victim, I am, very sincerely, yours to command, but not

Your nephew,

"STANLEY GREY."

"Well, that beats all I ever heard," said Carter.

"That youth is too sharp for us, that's a fact," remarked Ben Curry.

"It is a bitter blow for me, my friends; but I'll face it, come what may; now to spread the alarm of Harold Lynde's escape, and we'll see if he is beyond recapture, as this daring boy asserts."

"By Heaven! I was once called the best detective on the force, ten years ago, and I'll go back to the old work and ferret out the hiding-place of Harold Lynde, if it takes a lifetime, and he'll know who that boy is, and let me get my gripe on him once, is all I ask."

"Sound the alarm, Ben," and the next morning the papers were full of the clever escape of Harold Lynde through the daring of a boy who had played his cards with a master hand, and the entire detective force were busy working up the case.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SURPRISE.

"WELL, Jule, in spite of all my plotting and planning to aid Harold Lynde to escape, I failed, and some one else has done so," and Victor Moloch entered the home of the Jewess early on the morning after the escape, all of the morning papers in his hand.

"Yes, I was startled an hour ago by loud curses, and found that it was Miser Quilp, who had just learned the news, Victor, and he seemed half crazy about it, and swears he will offer twenty-five thousand dollars reward for Mr. Lynde's recapture."

"Did you read the account?"

"Yes, the miser left me his paper when he rushed off frantically to the Police Department."

"Well, whoever that boy is he is a clever one, and a daring one; only it reads like a romance, the way accident aided him, and then his bold plot and successful carrying of it out after he got into prison."

"Do you think they will capture Mr. Lynde, Victor?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I fear so, though certainly hope not; but the city is being searched in every crevice and corner, for all the detectives seem confident that he has not gotten out of town, and the high rewards offered, for keeper Grey also offers his five thousand left him by his nephew, will do much toward finding his whereabouts; but, Jule, where is your mother?"

"In Baltimore."

"Did you return alone?"

"Oh, no; the truth is, Victor, when I wrote you not to come up, as we were going to Baltimore, I did not go."

"Why Jule! and you remained here all alone?"

"What time I was here, I did."

"Jule, you answer in enigmas, and you seem distraught; does anything worry you?" asked Victor Moloch, kindly.

"Yes, and I am going to make you my confidant, Victor; you remember mother often has spoken of her brother Isador?"

"Yes."

"Well, he has returned."

"From the grave?" asked the young man, in amazement.

"Oh no, for he was not lost at sea as was supposed; but he has been in foreign lands, and came home to die, he says, as he has had several attacks of heart disease."

"Poor man, and where is he now?"

"In Baltimore with mother; they went there to see about some property which uncle Isador reminded mother that father once owned."

"I am surprised that your mother left you here alone, Jule; it was not right."

"Oh! I told her I wanted to work, and that if I felt lonesome I would send for Zittelle Cohen, while you would come up every day to see how I was getting along."

"How should I come, believing you to be in Baltimore, Jule?"

"I did not tell her that I had led you to believe in my letter that I was going; that was a part of my plot, Victor."

"Your plot? Why, Jule, you are as mysterious this morning as a puzzle."

"Then I will tell you all; you remember you were to come up and see what plot I had concocted to rescue Mr. Lynde?"

"Yes."

"My letter was to prevent your coming, for I knew you would not let me remain here alone, and also that you would refuse to aid me in the plot I had formed."

"I am listening anxiously, Jule, and also, I may say, with some impatience; why do you pause?"

"I am thinking where to begin to tell you."

"Begin at the beginning."

"Well, my uncle met mother and, strange to say, recognized her, and he came home with her."

"He looked like a beggar, in dress, and pleading poverty, we gave him a welcome, as was our duty, and then he tells us he is rich, and makes me the heiress to his wealth."

"I congratulate you, Jule, from my inmost heart, upon your good fortune, for, as you have never allowed me to give you such a home as your mother and yourself deserved, you can now live as you should."

"You have been too kind, Victor, and both mother and myself have known that father died owing you money, and more, we believe the income you pay us, and which you have said is from an investment father got you to make for him, is not true."

"Jule!" and the face of the young man became crimson.

"We have lately come to that conclusion, Victor," she said, firmly.

"Do you think I would deceive you, Jule?" he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, where you were keeping us from want; you are truthful, Victor, but your heart would cause you to tell a falsehood any time to aid a friend."

"Jule! Jule!"

"Well, I will not talk of that now, but go on with my story; my uncle told me a secret, and, if I divulge it to you, I must have your word not to betray him."

"Certainly not, Jule; command and I obey."

"You are ever noble, Victor; but how can I tell you all?" she said, in a worried way.

"Trust me, fully, Jule."

"The secret my uncle told me was about a youth he knew in India, and who died there, and that he had brought his trunk and money on to give to his kindred here."

"I was deeply interested in the story of the poor dead boy, and begged my uncle to let me give his effects to his people, and he turned them over to me to do so."

"As my uncle said I was strangely like the youth, I concluded, as his kinsman was in the Tombs, to—"

"God of Israel! Jule, you rescued Harold Lynde! You are the supposed boy!"

The maiden made no reply, and her head dropped upon her hands, and she shut out her face from his gaze; but Victor Moloch knew then who the daring youth was that had so cleverly played the part of the dead East Indian boy.

For some moments he regarded her in silence, his face wearing a troubled look; then he said, quietly.

"Jule, you have proven yourself to possess indomitable courage and nerve, and you plotted, planned, and executed well; but you took fearful risks."

"I know it, Victor; but what could I do, when

accident put such a chance in my way?" she said, without looking up.

"Does your uncle suspect this?"

"Oh, no!"

"You may get him into trouble."

"No, for he came here just after the death of the boy; no one but several native Hindoos knew that the boy died, or that my uncle had his effects, and no letters were sent."

"He will see it in the papers, and know that you alone could have played the part."

"I will see him, and confess all, as soon as he returns; but, he does not read the papers, neither does mother, and I do not wish her to know anything about it."

"Under these circumstances the secret can be kept; but, where did you get the disguise?"

"From the trunk; it was a suit of the dead boy."

"And how did you hide your glorious hair?"

"See!"

She took off the head-dress she wore, as she spoke, and there sprung to the lips of Victor Moloch something strangely like a Christian oath, while he cried:

"Cut it off! all gone?"

"Yes; is not short hair becoming to me?"

"Jule! Jule! you have done this for Harold Lynde, and yet say you do not love him!"

"No, he was kind to poor father, Victor, and, —but never mind, I'll say no more," she said, with a blush, for she had nearly confessed that her disguise, given to Harold Lynde, had gotten him captured at the ferry.

"Jule, does Lynde know who you really were?"

"Yes."

"And where is he now?"

She answered, in a whisper:

"In this house."

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

"In this house! Harold Lynde in this house?" and Victor Moloch stood gazing at Jule in utter amazement.

"Victor, I beg of you not to speak so loud, for if one word was heard you would not only undo all I have done, but get me into trouble as well," said the maiden, earnestly.

"True, Jule, I am wrong; but then I was thoroughly amazed; but in the name of Abraham! why brought you that man here?"

"Victor, I had but little time to decide what was best, and I knew of no safer place for them to hide until we could get them out of the city."

"Them?"

"Yes, the court officer and clerk whom I bribed."

"Ah! that reminds me; where did you get the money, Jule?"

"Uncle Isador left a large sum with me, and I used that, knowing you would replace it, and that Mr. Andrew Lynde would pay you back."

"I do not ask it of him, Jule; but I will send you up the money by messenger to-day; how much is it?"

"I spent but twenty dollars over the bribes."

"And what were they?"

"Two thousand each to the officer and the clerk, with promise of expenses to another country."

"They sold themselves cheap," said the Hebrew, with a sneer.

"I saw that they could be bought and made the purchase."

"And they know you as you are?"

"No, my two purchases think yet I was a boy."

"And you brought them here last night, Jule?"

"Yes; the carriage took them to the river, where they took a boat to the other shore; but they came up along the bank after dark, and I met them at the landing and took them upstairs to the garret."

"They had better be careful, for the slightest sound will awaken the miser's suspicions."

"I was careful; there are boards up there across the timbers, and I took up quilts and put on them, to drown all sound."

"Well, they must not remain there long."

"Two of them say they will leave to-night, as soon as I can secure disguises for them."

"I will get them for you and send them up; can one of them be made to look like a woman?"

"Yes, the clerk has a beardless face."

"Well, I will send an old woman's attire for him, and a countryman's suit for the other, and they can easily escape out of the country, if they have any tact; also, I will send you a thousand dollars each for their expenses."

"You are very kind, Victor."

"Not at all, for as you said, the millionaire will repay me; now what about Mr. Lynde?"

"He thought it best to remain in hiding until the public felt confident that he had certainly escaped from the city."

"If discovered, by any unfortunate accident, you will be compromised, Jule."

"No, I think not; it will be looked upon as a splendid piece of strategy on his part, coming to the very home of his enemy to hide: the windows in the old cupola on the roof are open, and banging all the time, and the three went up by way of the balconies and got in, so that no one else than Mr. Lynde will be believed to be implicated in his coming here, if he should be discovered, which I doubt."

"Well, I must concert some plan to get him out of the city at once."

"My idea is that if Mr. Lynde shaves off his mustache, cuts his hair close to his head, and puts on a common sailor's cap and suit, he can boldly walk down Broadway to the wharf and ship on board of some vessel leaving for a foreign port."

"Jule, you are a treasure; it is the very plan, for its very boldness would cast off suspicion; to-night we will get the other two off, and I will ascertain when a vessel leaves, which it would be well for him to take; but when do you expect your mother and uncle back?"

"At any time they may arrive."

"Then you must be most cautious; now I will leave you, Jule, but I will be back toward evening, and we will get the officer and the clerk off," and Victor arose to go, when Jule said in a low tone:

"Victor, I have a favor to ask of you, please?"

"It is granted beforehand, Jule," he said, with a smile.

"Thank you, Victor; but you have heard that in the past my uncle Isador loved one who was false—that is who married another?"

"Yes; but he forgave her and presented her with a most costly wedding-gift."

"True, but he still feels sore at heart toward her, and her son, and I beg of you never to speak of Adolph Hugo before him."

The young Hebrew's face became clouded, and rising, he paced the room several times before he answered; then he said in a calm tone:

"It shall be as you wish, Jule; if he does not know aught of Adolph Hugo, there is no reason why he should do so from my lips."

"Thank you, Victor; but hark!"

A step was heard without; a soft, cat-like tread, and stepping quickly to the door Victor threw it open.

It was Ezra Quilp, the miser, who stood without.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE VERGE.

At sight of Quilp every particle of color left the face of Jule, the Jewess, and Victor Moloch turned pale, while he gave a quick glance at the maiden, and caught her eye.

There he saw the thoughts that had flashed through his mind.

"Had Ezra Quilp been long without the door?"

"Had he heard what had passed between them?"

"If so, what was to be done?"

Seeing that Jule was not alone, the miser seemed ill at ease, and this, to the quick eye of the young Hebrew was a good omen for them, for his manner gave evidence of his not having known that Victor was there, and his words carried it out, for, bowing obsequiously, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Jule, but I did not know you were engaged."

"This is Mr. Victor Moloch, Mr. Quilp, the friend of my mother and myself," said Jule, coldly.

"I think Mr. Quilp will remember me, as I rented these rooms from him for your mother and yourself, Jule," responded Victor, in no very pleasant tone.

"Indeed you did, sir, indeed you did, and paid for them the price I asked too."

"Did you expect me to do otherwise, sir?"

"Oh, no, no, but then Jews, you know, never pay the price you ask them for anything, for they *jew* you down, as the saying is, and they always ask a high price for what they sell, expecting to be *jewed* down, you know."

"I know no such thing, Mr. Ezra Quilp, and I must say your dealings have been with a very strange class of my countrymen to give you the opinion you have of them; is there anything I can do for you now, sir?"

"Oh, Lord, no, my dear Mr. Shylock—I beg pardon, I mean Mr.—Mr.—what kind of a *lock* is it?"

"My name is Moloch, sir; Victor Moloch."

"Ah, indeed! I have heard that name down in Wall street, as a very rich broker, sir; any relative of yours?"

"I am Victor Moloch, sir, and my office is in Wall street, and I am a broker."

"No, no, now; well, sir, you have a sweet sister here indeed, and your mother is a most estimable lady."

Jule saw that Victor was losing his patience, and she said quickly:

"Mr. Quilp, as I told you before, this gentleman is not my brother; but he is my intended husband."

"Ah! well, I declare; you will be a splendid-looking couple, if you are Jews; but, Miss Jule, I called in to ask you for the paper I let you have early this morning, as it would cost me four cents to get another, and I wish to read that account of the escape of Mr. Lynde once more; you heard, doubtless, Mr. Moloch, of that daring affair?"

"Yes, as you doubtless heard, sir, Miss Naomi and myself were discussing it before you came in."

"Lord dear, no, sir, how should I hear it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell, unless you listened," was the abrupt reply, and Victor turned on his heel impatiently as Jule handed the miser the paper.

"You could not give me a clew, could you, sir, as to which way Mr. Lynde has gone?" asked Quilp.

"I am not on the detective force, Mr. Quilp."

"Well, I am determined to have him, for I have offered twenty-five thousand dollars for his recapture, and there will be as much more in rewards given."

"You must be most desirous of capturing him, sir."

"I am indeed, sir; I have a debt to pay him, and one of long standing with his father, which I wish settled; in fact his sister I also wish to make a payment to, and it shall be all paid in the same coin, and one they won't like either," and a fiendish look came over the face of the man that made Jule shiver, and seeing that he had, perhaps, let his feelings be too plainly seen, he said, quickly:

"Your mother and father are away, I believe, miss?"

"My father is dead, Mr. Quilp."

"Indeed! then the gentleman with your mother is—"

"Her brother, and my uncle," said Jule, boldly.

"Ah; by the way, miss, I meant to ask you if the rats in the garret disturb you much?"

Jule felt her face grow white again, and seeing it, Victor, with a good deal of presence of mind, said, with a laugh:

"Now, Mr. Quilp, if you wish to lose Miss Naomi as a tenant, don't speak of rats, for there are so many rumors that your old rookery is haunted, that you will drive her away at once; see how pale she is at the thought of ghosts."

"I did not say ghosts, sir, but rats; rats certainly are not dangerous."

"Indeed they are, Mr. Quilp," broke in Jule; "I hate rats, but do you not think it may be ghosts that make the noise, and not rats?"

"No, no, for these rumors are idle gossip, to prevent my renting my house; but last night it seemed to me the garret was full of rats, and I wished to say if you found them annoy you, I would send a man up there to-day, and have everything cleared out, for the garret is full of rubbish."

"No, no, not on my account," cried Jule, while Victor remarked:

"It might be a good idea, Jule; suppose we make an advance on the garret now, with Mr. Quilp to lead us."

Jule looked at Victor Moloch in horror at such a suggestion; but she saw, by his cool, easy manner, that he acted for some good reason, and answered:

"Yes, let us have a look at the old garret, its rats and its rubbish, Mr. Quilp."

But the miser seemed in no humor to lead the advance, and replied eagerly:

"No, no, not if the rats do not trouble you; but if they do tell me, miss, and I'll have the garret cleared out if it costs me half a dollar."

"You are too generous, Mr. Quilp," said Jule, but unnoticing the irony in her words, he said:

"I would not be otherwise toward you, Miss Jule; but really I must go, for I wish to read this article about the escape over again, and see if I cannot gather some clew; Lordy me! but you have cut your hair off, miss."

"Yes, don't you think it becoming?" asked

Jule, now wholly on her guard, though not knowing whether it was accident or design on his part to torture her so, or her guilty conscience.

"Yes, but it makes you look a little boyish."

"So I told her, Mr. Quilp; you see some ladies who have very long and thick hair, such as Jule's, suffer with headache, and it is best to have it cut off; you have not had any trouble with your head since you cut off your hair, have you, Jule?"

"No, Victor," was the quiet reply, while the miser said in a tone meant to show his great knowledge of the sex:

"It is heartaches, my dear young lady, that do the most harm to womankind."

"You seem to have dissected a woman's heart pretty thoroughly, Mr. Quilp," answered Jule, in a voice in which the miser was certain he detected sarcasm, and, dreading above all things the idea of being ridiculed, though he constantly made himself a subject for it, he responded quickly:

"Well, well, I must take my paper and run off— Ha!"

All three started, for there came from above their heads a distinct sound, that appeared too real to be caused by any creaking of the house, or scampering of rats.

"Your ghosts are at it again, Mr. Quilp," quickly said Victor Moloch.

"Rats, sir, I said rats; but they are most infernal large rats, and I shall send a man up there to-day if it costs me sixty cents."

"Better go yourself, Mr. Quilp," suggested the Hebrew.

"No, no, I'll send a man to clear out the rubbish."

"It would be a good idea; but before you go, sir, perhaps you can tell me where I could negotiate certain stocks I have for cash? I will pay liberally for it."

The word *pay* caught the miser's ear, and he forgot about the rats, and said eagerly:

"Yes, yes, if they are *secure*, I can arrange it for you, Mr. Moloch."

"They are all right, sir; so you had better go down to my office with me; we will take a carriage at the nearest livery stable."

"I will go, sir; just wait until I get some money from my safe," and the miser hastily left the room.

"I will keep him busy making money until night, Jule, and then all must go; but you shall hear from me soon," Victor had just time to whisper, when back came the miser, and the two men left the house together, and Jule was in a tremor of dread, for she feared the miser really knew her secret, or suspected her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DISCARDED.

OF the business transactions that Victor Moloch interested Ezra Quilp in so thoroughly as to keep him down-town, and almost happy, for he was making a "corner" in a number of little schemes, I will not speak, but simply state that the young Hebrew found time to write a note to Jule, inclosing her the money he promised, and to send it by special messenger, along with the disguises for Harold Lynde and his two associates.

These latter he purchased from a shop where dramatic costumes were kept, and he was careful to get the very best.

In his note he urged Jule to get the clerk and the officer off at the earliest moment, and, if her mother had not returned from Baltimore, to have Harold Lynde leave the garret, and in some way conceal him in her own apartments.

Knowing the young aristocrat as he did, and already dreading that Jule knew him better than she was willing to admit, Victor Moloch disliked to advise her to take this last step; but, after her clever rescue of him from prison, and all the risk that had been run, he would not hesitate upon a quibble, while also he had perfect confidence in the maiden.

The messenger found Jule, the Jewess, nervously pacing the floor, and delivered to her the securely fastened bundle of disguises, and the letter containing the money.

With perfect composure she received them, wrote a hasty note to Victor, and, when the messenger had departed, set to work.

First, she returned the money she had taken from her uncle's trust to her, and then, after glancing out of the windows front and rear, went into the hall and ascended the rickety ladder that led to the trap opening into the garret.

Unable to raise it with her strength, she rapped several times; but no answer came.

"Can they have heard old Quilp's suspicious

conversation, and fled?" she asked herself, and again she rapped, and louder than before.

But no answer came, though her quick ear detected a peculiar sound.

It was the tick, tick of a watch, and she knew that Harold Lynde must be lying down on the trap, not daring to reply, until assured who it was that wished to gain entrance.

"Mr. Lynde, it is Jule, the Jewess; come quickly," she said, as loud as she dared, and almost instantly the trap was opened and the pale, stern face of the young millionaire looked down upon her.

"Come! you and your comrades, and you have no time to lose," she said, earnestly, and at the same time descending the ladder.

Without hesitation they followed her, closing the trap behind them, and the next moment they stood in her room, the aristocrat pale, but calm, and with a reckless light in his eyes; the clerk trembling, livid, and almost unnerved, while the officer looked like a hunted stag at bay.

"Oh! if I were out of this in safety, I would not do it again," groaned the young clerk.

"You are like the drunkard, you swear off, Johnny, when there is no liquor to be had; but another thousand offered in a like case, would tempt you," muttered the officer.

"But I am in a worse box than you, Dick Hastings, for I forged the name of the judge to the order," whined the clerk.

"And got paid for it."

"Perhaps I'd get more to—"

"What?"

It was Harold Lynde that uttered the word, and, while one hand grasped the throat of the young man, the other held a knife over his heart.

"I didn't mean to, indeed I didn't, so don't, please," cried the startled clerk, for the hand that held him he knew had already taken human life, and the eyes of the escaped prisoner glared into his own with a menacing look that boded no good for him.

"You'd do right to knife him, Mr. Lynde, for the thought was in him to turn State's evidence and give us both up, and enjoy the reward; but, my boy Johnny, you'll not play that game on me," and the officer also turned upon him.

Seeing, as she came from another room, what was going on, Jule came to the rescue of the frightened youth, saying, quickly:

"Oh, do not harm him, for he will not be so despicable as to carry out his half-formed threats; here, sir, is a female costume for you; it is that of an old lady, bonnet, spectacles, and all, and I can paint your face a little, so as to wholly disguise you, so go into that room and dress, please."

"Give me my rig, miss, and I'll go with the kid; I don't like to have him out of my sight, I loves him so," said the officer.

"Your dress is that of an old man, and here is a razor to shave off your mustache, and these gray false side-whiskers will fully disguise you."

"You are right, miss; I'll think I am my own granddad, when I look in the glass; come, Johnny, dear," and with a reckless laugh the officer departed for the next room, accompanied by the clerk.

"And what are you going to do with me, fair Jule?" asked Harold Lynde, softly.

Instantly she turned upon him, and said in a tone that was decided:

"Mr. Lynde, when at school I was called Jule, the Jewess, by my associates, to distinguish me from another of the same name; to you, sir, I am *Miss Naomi*."

The face of Harold Lynde flushed at the rebuke, and he said, humbly:

"Pardon me, lady; but I thought our intimate relations sufficient excuse for my crossing the barrier of cold reserve."

"Again you anger me, sir, for between us there are no intimate relations; in the past you were kind to my father, and to my mother and myself; what your motives were rests with your own conscience."

"Accident brought me in contact with you, and I prevented your hand taking life, and, to repay those past kindnesses, I sought to save you when I knew the miser intended to have you arrested."

"The very disguise I gave you entrapped you, it seems, and again I sought to get you out of the danger, into which unwittingly my own act had gotten you, and I stepped out from the pale of womanhood and freed you from prison."

"Now, I am going to conceal you here until night, when you can go in perfect safety, in the disguise I have for you, and ship on board a vessel that sails to-morrow, I learn, for Rio."

"Once you leave this roof our paths divide through life, and I am glad that it is so."

He heard her through without one word, and it was evident that her honest words touched him; but a man of great fascinations, a favorite among women, and with an inordinate store of self-conceit, he could not believe the Jewess was acting from a motive only to return a kindness he had shown her and hers in the past.

From his first seeing her he had been deeply interested in her, and had she been rich, he would have endeavored to win her love; but poor, unprotected, and yet ravishingly beautiful in face and form, he sought to win her as a toy to cast off at will, and this alone prompted his every act of apparent kindness to her dying father.

Believing, from the standpoint of his selfish nature, and inordinate vanity, that she really loved him, when she risked so much, and did so much for his behalf, he was emboldened to say to her:

"Fair Jewess, what I did in the past was done from love of you; what you have done for me, you say, is wholly gratitude."

"You have named the motive, Mr. Lynde; gratitude to you prompts my action, and the remembrance of your sweet sister also encouraged me, for we were schoolmates."

"You a schoolmate of Isabel's?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, we were at school in Boston together, and she ever had a smile and kind word for Jule, the Jewess, where others had a sneer, because I was not a Christian," she said, with a contemptuous curl of her red lip.

"And you, the friend of my sister, the one I love, for I must say so, bid me go from you forever?" he said, earnestly.

"I bid you go your way, and I will go mine."

"I will seek a home in a foreign land, where I will not be as a hunted beast; I will build there, for I have money, sweet Jule, a bower of love, a cosy nest, into which to welcome the dove of my heart."

"You have saved me from myself, and more than ever I idolize you, and I bid you come to me there, when you learn from me that I have escaped the bloodhounds on my trail."

He spoke impassionedly, and his handsome face lighted up with fervor, for, as much as his nature and selfish heart was capable of loving, he loved Jule, the Jewess, and all she had done for him did really awaken gratitude and kindness toward her in his bosom.

But her words sent a chill upon his heart, as she said firmly:

"Mr. Lynde, you have no right to speak thus to me, and I will not listen to you."

"But you do love me; your look, your actions show it," he persisted.

She drew herself up to her full height and faced him, and bitterly, scathingly fell the answer from her full, red lips, and in tones he could not misunderstand, be his vanity what it might:

"Love you, Harold Lynde? I am pledged to be the bride of another, of one of my own race, for I am no traitor Jewess, and, were it not so, could I love one whose hand I withheld from assassination, one who is now a fugitive from the gallows for a cowardly murder committed?"

A wail, rather than a cry, broke from his lips, and the severely punished man turned away and buried his face in his hands, for the arrow had found its mark, had cut deep into even his selfish, stony heart, and he had been made to feel all that he was in the eyes of a pure woman.

She saw his anguish, she felt that she had been intensely bitter and severe, and she turned to him with pity in look and voice, and said quickly:

"Forgive me!"

Ere he could reply, he heard a startled cry from her lips, and turning quickly beheld that they were not alone.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARTING.

THE exclamation from the lips of Jule, the Jewess, and the start given by Harold Lynde, was at suddenly finding themselves not alone, but on the contrary two persons had entered the room unheard.

Those two were an old man, whose years had bent his form, and who carried in his hand a cane, and an old woman also bowed by years.

So complete was their disguise, so thoroughly did they look the old couple they pretended to be, that no wonder was it that both Jule and Harold Lynde, who for the moment had forgotten their existence, believed they were surprised, and failed to recognize at the first glance the clerk and the officer, the hunted companions of the young aristocrat.

"By Heaven! you gave me a start, Hastings."

I assure you," said Harold Lynde, recovering his former composure.

"I'm glad we did, Mr. Lynde, for, if we can fool our pals, then our disguise is perfect, and I guess Johnny and myself will get along all right; you see, miss, I believe Johnny here, my old woman, will think better of preaching against us, and as we haven't many kinfolk to tie to, or weep for us, and no wives to leave behind, we can find a home in another country; but it's Mr. Lynde I pity, as he has to go alone, and then he has that on his conscience which we haven't."

An impatient imprecation from Harold Lynde checked the speech of the officer, and Jule, seeing that the man was also cutting deep into an already wounded heart, said, hastily:

"Well, I do not wish to detain you, now that you are so well prepared to go; so here are a thousand dollars apiece for you, for expenses in seeking a new home."

The eyes of both brightened, for gold was an idol with them, as it is with most of mankind.

"We thank you, miss."

"Yes, I feel better now about going," put in Johnny Cameron, the clerk, as an echo to the officer's speech.

"Pardon me, Miss Naomi, but permit me to pay this," said Harold Lynde.

"No, it is all attended to, sir, without troubling you."

"You are very kind, Miss Naomi, but as I am very flush, my father having sent me a handsome sum to buy my way out of prison, I'll add a like sum to the fee given these gentlemen for their professional services," and the young aristocrat took a roll of bills from his pocket, and, in a sudden freak of generosity, handed his two aides and abettors in his escape two thousand dollars each.

"You are more than generous, Mr. Lynde, and I guess the old lady here and myself are fixed for life," said the officer.

"Then come, and I will see you to the door," said Jule, who was quite nervous from dread of the miser's return.

"Good-by, Mr. Lynde; luck to you, sir," said the officer, Dick Hastings.

"I wish you good fortune, too, Mr. Lynde," added the clerk, Cameron.

"Good-by, and let me add, mend your ways, for if you had not both been precious rascals, you would never have taken a bribe; one step down-hill leads to the gallows, so look out both of you, for you have taken that step."

"Now, with this little unasked sermon from me, I advise you to clear out," and the haughty young millionaire fugitive from justice turned coolly on his heel, while Jule led the two out and saw them to the lower door.

Returning to the room she had left, she watched them from the window until she saw them disappear in the distance, and then she gave a sigh of relief.

"I would that sigh were for me, Miss Naomi," said Harold Lynde behind her.

"It shall be, sir, when I see you depart from this roof in safety."

"Ah! it will be a sigh of relief, then?"

"Yes."

"And should I not depart in safety; should I go from here in irons back to that dismal, fearful prison, would you sigh, too?"

"I would deeply regret it, sir," she said, coldly.

"Ah me! I know how you regard me, and I dare not say more; but, would to God I had been different, that I had met you ere false pride warped my nature, and I became a sin-encompassed man, and then—and then—we might have been more to each other than we are; you might have looked upon me with kindness."

"Never!"

"Do not say that; let me at least hug to my heart the sweet assurance that it might have been, sweet Jule," he entreated.

"I say never, Mr. Lynde, for between us there rises an impassable barrier for you and me."

"No, no, if you refer to your engagement, for men and women often are bound nowadays when no heart-love is felt."

"Mr. Lynde, you are a Christian, I am a Jewess; your people are often traitors to your religion, but seldom is it that one of my race is."

"There are exceptions to all rules, Miss Naomi."

"I would not make the exception, unless—"

"You pause."

"I care not to say more."

"Pray do."

"It would not interest you."

"Indeed it would, if you will say what you intended."

"It had better remain unsaid."

"Let me be the judge."

"So be it; I would have said that I could never be a traitress to my creed and my people, unless I loved a man more than I did my kindred and Israel's God."

He drew nearer to her and bent his impassioned, fascinating gaze upon her, and said in pleading tones:

"Will you not say that you do so love me, sweet Jule?"

"Mr. Lynde, I must respect the man I love, and, knowing you as you are, I cannot even respect you."

"Alas! too true, too true!" and with gritted teeth he walked away from her, and for a long time no word was spoken.

Then she broke the silence:

"Mr. Lynde, twilight is gathering now, and there is your costume; will you permit me to cut your hair?"

He had long, silken brown hair, and it was his pride, and his vanity asserted itself in an impatient:

"Would you, like Sampson's wife, deprive me of my hair?"

"As you please, sir; the risk of recognition is much less."

"True; it had almost slipped my mind in your presence that I was an escaped prisoner," he said, bitterly, and then he added:

"I come like a lamb to the sacrifice, Miss Naomi."

"Would to Abraham that you had the lamb's innocence," she retorted, quickly.

Getting a pair of scissors, she soon had his hair cut short, and then, taking a razor she handed to him, he soon cut off his long mustache.

"Why, I would not know myself even, for my hair was never worn short, and I have had a mustache since I was seventeen," he said, with evident surprise at his changed appearance.

"The seaman's suit and cap will change your appearance still more; you will find them in the adjoining room," said Jule, the Jewess.

He silently left her, and in a short time returned, a *bona fide* sailor in appearance.

"I assure you, Mr. Lynde, Keeper Grey would not know you now if he met you face to face; but it is dark now, so I must beg that you hasten away, for I expect the miser back at any moment."

"Curse him! if I met him now, it would not be—"

"Hold! would you still deeper dye your hands in human life, and blacken your conscience with crime, wicked man?" she cried, in an angry tone.

"I was wrong, as I ever am; forgive me, and forget me; farewell!" he held forth his hand, and she hesitated, when he drew it back and offered his left one, saying pleadingly:

"This one you will take?"

"Yes; good-by, Mr. Lynde, and may you become a changed man in the prayer I will offer to the God of Israel."

"I thank you; I dare not tell you how much; farewell."

His voice trembled, and he turned away, and the door closed upon him.

The next moment Jule, the Jewess, beheld him hastening away down the weed-grown path, and disappearing in the gathering gloom.

Then she sunk down upon her knees, and, with her face buried in her hands, burst into tears, while she murmured:

"I have done my duty; the debt is repaid, and now his life is in his own hands."

CHAPTER XXIX.

GLAD TIDINGS.

IT was the second day after the escape of Harold Lynde, and the papers had been full of the clever ruse of the unknown youth, that had so daringly taken a prisoner out from under the very eyes of the most trusted officials.

Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, had read the startling announcement the day before, and had at once driven to the Tombs, to find that the report was indeed true in every particular.

From there he had returned home to acquaint Isabel with the, to them, joyful tidings, and they had talked the matter over and over again, and hoped that the son and brother had escaped from the city.

The next morning Isabel read her father aloud all that was said in the papers, and then she said:

"It is strange that Harold has not tried to see us, father, or sent us one word of his safety."

"He dare not do so, my child, for our house is watched day and night, and Richards, bringing my mail this morning, says an officer stopped him and examined the postmarks on the letters."

"It is terrible to be watched this way; to be constantly under this fearful espionage," said Isabel, peevishly.

"I'll stand anything, Bel, if Harold can only escape, for if he is retaken, all the law and lawyers in the land cannot save him."

"And yet, after our talk with Mr. Martin Wilbur I had strong hopes that he might escape."

"No, Wilbur is a lawyer, and a good one, and he looks on the winning side always; but they would hang Harold certain, and far better a hunted fugitive in foreign lands than an ignominious death, for what a disgrace it would be."

"The very thought of it, or fear, has kept our friends aloof, father; they show their human nature in a wicked degree," said Isabel Lynde, with indignation.

"It is the way of the world, my poor child; in prosperity our friends hover about us like moths about a candle's flame; but believing, as they do, that I have lost my money, as Harold is said to have had to go to that accursed miser, Quilp, for funds, and that my son is going to be hanged, they keep away from us most severely; but let us not think of friends that have fled, but see if we can think who it was that helped Harold out."

"I have not the slightest idea, think as much as I please on the subject."

"Well, it is remarkable indeed; I took the boy twenty-five thousand in large bills, and told him to hint to the keeper he could make a small fortune by aiding his escape; but this youth seems to have been an outsider; well, Richards?"

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the servant, and he handed a card.

"Victor Moloch," read the millionaire aloud, and he looked toward his daughter.

"Ask him in here, father, for his note of sympathy to me was so kind, I owe him thanks for his magnificent present, and I believe he was the one who sent that money anonymously to Mr. Wilbur to aid poor Harold, so I wish to see him."

"So I say, my child; ask Mr. Moloch to come in here, Richards."

Elegantly attired, courtly in manner, and a face full of unfeigned sympathy, whatever his opinion of the brother and son might be, Victor Moloch entered the library of the millionaire, and was received most graciously by his host, and with a kindness he did not seem to have anticipated from Isabel.

"Mr. Moloch, permit me to verbally thank you for your superb present to me," said Isabel, after a few words of greeting had been spoken.

"I am glad you were pleased with them, Miss Lynde, and I wished you to have some other reminder of me than the fact that I had forced you into a compact through your father's misfortunes," he said, softly.

"I needed no such reminder, sir, for though I confess to a certain fretting under compulsory bonds, I cannot but feel that you nobly served my father and my poor brother," and the tears came into the beautiful eyes of the maiden.

"Yes, Mr. Moloch, you know all concerning my poor boy," said the millionaire, feelingly.

"It is to speak of Mr. Harold Lynde, sir, that brought me to your home, ere the expiration of the thirty days' grace I gave your daughter before her union with me; of course you heard with pleasure of his fortunate escape?"

"Yes, and a remarkable one, too."

"Perhaps Mr. Moloch can tell us who the daring youth was?" suggested Isabel, in such a suggestive, significant tone, that it brought the tell-tale color into the face of Victor Moloch, who glanced cautiously around the room, and then said:

"The Spaniards say that walls have ears, Miss Lynde."

Isabel took the hint, and rising passed out of one door into the music-room, and thus by the hall back into the library, and said:

"There is no one near, sir, and Richards, our faithful old butler, would keep watch if he saw any of the servants inclined to too great curiosity; you do, then, know who the youth was?"

"Yes, he was a friend of mine."

"Ah! then we owe to you thanks for Harold's escape?" said Isabel, quickly, and with great earnestness.

"No, you owe it to the youth."

"A good way to shift the burden off your shoulders, Mr. Moloch."

"I answer you no, Miss Lynde; the boy did everything."

"He was but as a cat's paw in your hands—"

"Victor Moloch being the monkey," suggested the Hebrew, with a smile.

"Pardon me, I had forgotten, when I spoke, who it was, in the old story, that held the cat's paw to secure the chestnuts; but, seriously, Mr. Moloch, we owe you more than we can ever repay."

"You owe me nothing, Miss Lynde; but allow me to tell you that your brother is safe."

"Safe!"

"Yes."

"He has left the city, then?" eagerly cried both father and daughter in a breath.

"He has; he sailed on a vessel last night, bound for Rio; I saw him go on board, and watched the ship sail down the bay."

"But, he will be recognized," said Mr. Lynde, anxiously.

"Not disguised as he is, for I would never have known him, had I not myself purchased his suit, and been on the watch for him, for he was shorn of his hair and mustache, and shipped as a common seaman."

"Poor brother Harold!"

"He is better away, Miss Lynde."

"True, for it would have been an ignominious death to have remained here; but, thank God, he has gone, and to you, sir, we owe more than words can express," and, rising, Isabel grasped the hand of Victor Moloch in both her own, and her father silently wrung the other, and their gratitude deeply touched the heart of the noble Hebrew, who said, hastily:

"Your brother shipped as Nick Buntlin, first-class seaman, on board the clipper ship, Ringleader, bound from New York to Rio, and a letter to that name, Rio Janeiro, will reach him, and when he writes to you he will address under cover to me, as a letter directed here, from a foreign land, would assuredly put the law-hounds on his scent."

"This I arranged with him the moment I saw him on the dock before he sailed last night; now, I must say good-morning, as this is a busy day with me."

"Mr. Moloch, we owe all to you, sir, and, bound as I am to you, I hope you will not consider it unmaidenly in me to say that only by a lifelong devotion can I repay the debt of gratitude; come to us whenever you feel inclined," and turning quickly Isabel Lynde went to her room, while Victor Moloch, with a heart and brain on fire, caused by the conflicting emotions he felt, sprung into his waiting carriage and was whirled swiftly back into the busy stream of money-making men in the heart of the metropolis.

CHAPTER XXX.

NICK BUNTIN, SEAMAN ON THE RINGLEADER.

THERE were many, of course, who believed that the story of the East Indian nephew of Stanley Grey, assistant keeper at the city prison, was a concocted story made out of whole cloth, so to speak.

These same persons hooted at the idea, and set it down in their minds that the keeper had gotten a comfortable fortune for his little work in the escape of the aristocratic and wealthy prisoner.

But the powers that were, the head officials, had sifted the matter pretty thoroughly, and the trunk of papers and clothes, unmistakably East Indian, the money in it, the absence of the officer, Dick Hastings, and the clerk, Johnny Cameron, proved to them conclusively that the keeper was the victim of a most clever and daring plot, and not a confederate in it, and Stanley Grey, at his own request, was relieved from duty at the Tombs, and became a member of the secret service.

From the hour of his becoming a detective he set to work to track down those who had victimized him and to capture the escaped prisoner, and day and night he was like a tireless hound on the scent.

One day he strolled down to the docks, his eyes open for anything of a suspicious nature, for not a single clew had all the unraveling of Detective's skeins revealed.

"Hullo, Grey, want to have a run down with me to Quarantine, for I'd like a talk with you about the way some sharp kid played you."

The speaker was an old pilot and a friend of Stanley Grey of long standing.

He was on a harbor tug that was about to carry a party of gentlemen down the harbor to "Meet some big-bug returning from Urup on the steamer just signaled from Sandy Hook," as the pilot, Jack Fletcher, explained.

"I'll go with pleasure, Jack, for the sniff of sea air will do me good, and you are a good fellow to get points on in my little biz that I am in now."

"They fired you out then from the prison, old fellow, believing you'd made a penny for your old age, by saving the aristocrat's neck?" asserted rather than asked Jack Fletcher.

"Oh, no; the papers cleared me in full, and only those who don't know chin about my being bribed and putting up the whole job; but I left the dismal den and am now hunting the trail of the prisoner and the youth who played me so cleverly for a fool, which I believe I am; but it seemed awful real, Jack, and the boy did look so like his dead father, as I believed, and like me, and he was so handsome."

"Yes, he must have been, Stan, to have borne resemblance to you; but come, let us go on board," and leading the way to his pilot-house the comfortable tug, with a gay party on board, was soon steaming down the harbor for the lower bay.

Once through the Narrows the steamship was sighted heading up the harbor, and with a cheer the tug started for her.

"What in thunder ails her?" suddenly cried the pilot.

"What is it, Jack?" asked Stanley Grey.

"Why, her bow is stove in bad, and she's got canvas stretched over it to keep out the water; she's had a bad collision, I'm thinking, and from her looks I'm thinking the craft she struck has gone down."

Every eye on the tug was now bent with deep interest upon the coming steamer, that plainly showed she had met with a serious accident.

But she came steadily on, and the party in the tug recognizing their friend, the "big-bug," as Jack called him, cheers were given, the band played, and the two vessels steamed side by side back toward the city.

At Quarantine Jack Fletcher called to one of the mates of the steamer whom he knew, and who was not on duty, to come on the tug, and tell him about the accident.

"Oh, we ran down a clipper ship last night in the fog, and she sunk quickly, with some of her passengers and crew, while others saved themselves by jumping on board, and a few we threw ropes to and pulled out of the water; but there was one fellow we had to save by sheer force, for he seemed to wish to sink."

"What was the matter with him?" asked Jack Fletcher.

"No one knows; and he was a fine-looking seaman too; but we got him on board, and fearing that all was not right with him the surgeon took him in hand, and soon after dismissed him, as he found nothing wrong about him, excepting one thing."

"And may I ask what was that, sir?" said Stanley Grey, in spite of himself interested in the strange seaman.

"Well, he was shipped on the Ringleader, which was the name of the craft we ran down, as a first-class seaman, and under the name of Nick Buntlin, so his messmates said, and yet the surgeon let it out that his underclothing was of the finest silk, and had two initials embroidered on them."

"Guess he stole 'em," said the pilot, bluntly.

"Then if he did, he stole his handkerchief, too, for he had one he wore in his shirt pocket, and another round his neck, and they were both embroidered in the same way."

"He may be some tony fellow in hard luck," suggested the pilot.

"Maybe, or some man who has committed a crime that makes him hide himself under a sailor's jacket," responded the steamer's officer.

The remark caused Stanley Grey to start, and he asked quickly:

"What did you say was the name of the vessel you ran down?"

"The Ringleader."

"Where bound?"

"To Rio Janeiro."

"When did she leave New York?"

"The night before we run into her; you see we came the southerly passage across, and a gale had driven us off our course to the southward, as we had to depend upon our sails for two days, owing to an accident to our machinery."

"Could you tell me the letters embroidered on the seaman's underclothing and handkerchief?" asked Stanley Grey, with renewed interest.

"This is a hound of the law, mate; in other words, a detective, and he thinks he's got a scent of a trail he's been following, and I hopes

he has, for he's been served a downright shabby trick of late, and he's a pard of mine and square clean through."

"Do you recall the initials?" repeated Stanley Grey.

"Oh yes; they were H. L."

The pilot and the detective glanced knowingly at each other, and the former said with vehemence, preceded by a sailor's oath:

"I'm durned if you hav'n't got him, Stan."

"Don't be too sure, Jack; but as the steamer is going on up to the city now, will you kindly permit me to go on with you?"

"Certainly."

"Now, sir, will you point out your strange seaman, who did not care to be saved from drowning, and wears silk underclothing?" asked Stanley Grey, quietly, when the two were on the steamer's deck.

"Certainly; there he stands, leaning over the bulwark forward."

The detective, keeping in concealment himself, walked up near to where the strange seaman stood, and took a long look at him.

"Well, I am right; that man is the one I want; once I return him to his old quarters I'll get the boy, I'm thinking."

Thus saying, he put his hand in his breast pocket, and drawing out a Derringer pistol, stepped quickly up to the seaman.

Placing the weapon to his head, he said sternly:

"Nick Buntlin, first-class seaman of the Ringleader, I arrest you."

"Great God! it is as I feared! I have come back to my doom," cried the man, bitterly, as he beheld who confronted him.

"Yes, Harold Lynde, you have come back to die on the gallows."

"It had been better for you had you gone down in the hull of the Ringleader."

"Would to God I had."

"I do not say amen to that; here, Mr. Lynde, hold out your hands for the bracelets," and the detective drew a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket.

With a shudder, and livid face, but in silence, Harold Lynde obeyed, and one hour after he was again an inmate of his cell in the Tombs, while Stanley Grey was receiving the congratulations of all upon having run down his prey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ONE LAUGHS WHILE ANOTHER WEEPS.

LIKE a bombshell in a bivouac fell the startling news upon the city, of the capture of the prisoner, who had so cleverly escaped from the Tombs, and then, just as cleverly eluded all pursuit and gotten out of the clutches of the hounds of the law that hunted him down.

The papers were full of the strange capture, and Keeper Grey was redeemed in the eyes of even the most skeptical, while the "I-told-you-so" busy tongues who had faith in the keeper were triumphant, and *vice versa*, were correspondingly cast down.

The ministers held it up as an act of Providence to prevent the prisoner escaping, not taking into consideration, as do most of those who lay every event happening upon poor Providence, that several lives were lost, and a fine vessel sunk, with much injury to trade, by the capturing of one escaped prisoner.

In the circles more deeply interested in the event, the bringing back of Harold Lynde to his lonely prison cell, a thrill was felt that went to the heart, for, where old Ezra Quilp gloated over the circumstance, it was far different with those who held kindred blood to the prisoner, and had done so much to aid his escape.

In a pleasant room of a restaurant, the afternoon following the recapture of the prisoner, three persons were seated at a table groaning with edibles of a substantial kind and luxuries, while "extra dry" was sparkling in the glasses.

Those three were first, Keeper Stanley Grey, the detective who had run his game to earth; second, the pilot of the tug that had invited the keeper to take the run down the harbor with him; and third, the second officer of the steamship that had told the story of the running down of the Ringleader, and of the strange sailor on board, who proved to be Harold Lynde.

The keeper had received the reward offered by the mayor, and Ezra Quilp had promptly paid his before ten o'clock that morning, and the three were enjoying themselves at the expense of Stanley Grey, who had forced upon his companions, as aids to his success, a thousand each, and a dinner, at which all were making merry over this misery of a human being.

But what is one's loss is another's gain, one's sorrow another's joy, one's food another's poison, and thus wags the world along.

In the palatial home of Lynde, the millionaire, sat in deepest grief the father and sister of the prisoner, for like a stroke of iron the news had fallen upon them, and together they were brooding over their sorrow, and seeing in imagination the hideous gallows rising before them to take the life of him they loved.

Presently a card was brought in by Richards, and a gleam of pleasure shot over the face of the millionaire as he glanced at it, and he said quickly:

"Show him in, Richards; it is Mr. Moloch, my dear."

A faint tinge of color came into the face of the maiden, and rising, she extended her hand to the handsome young Jew as he entered.

"I need not ask, Mr. Lynde, if you know the sad tidings, for your sorrow is photographed on your heart," he said, kindly.

"Yes, we know all, Moloch, and we are glad you have come, for we know not what to say or do."

"I have come to have a little chat with you, for I have Wilbur, and all depends now upon the trial."

"So it seems, for money could not buy a keeper now, I suppose?"

"No, they have placed a treble force on duty, not for fear of a rescue, but upon the principle that one keeper must watch another; I just left the Tombs with Mr. Wilbur."

"And you have seen my brother?" quickly asked Isabel.

"Yes, and he seems despondent, though the lawyer bids him hope; your son, Mr. Lynde, spoke of a clergyman who accompanied the millionaire miser here on his visit, when he bought your notes?"

"Yes, a man I am convinced puts on the livery of the Lord to serve the Devil in."

"Mr. Harold Lynde could not recall his name."

"I can; it is Silas Sloan; here is his letter to me."

"Can I keep this letter?" when he read it, Victor asked.

"You can, sir."

"Thank you; now I must be off, but I frankly tell you the battle is not lost, and I have faith in young Merton," and Victor Moloch departed, both Mr. Lynde and Isabel accompanying him to the door, for his visit had been like a ray of sunshine penetrating into their gloomy hearts.

From the palatial mansion of the millionaire, I will take my reader to the den of the miser millionaire, Ezra Quilp, who made gold his god, and yet would sacrifice it most freely to gain his revenge.

He had seen by the morning paper that Harold Lynde had been taken by keeper Grey, and he had hastened off to the Tombs and promptly paid his reward.

From there he had gone to his lawyer, whom he had engaged to aid the District Attorney in the prosecution, and told him to leave no stone unturned to press his enemy to the gallows.

From there he had driven, for the miser millionaire had become strangely extravagant of late, to the parsonage of the Reverend Silas Sloan.

"Just dropped in a moment, Sloan, to tell you that the trial comes off next Monday, and you must be on hand; have you received your subpoena?"

"Yes, and shall be there."

"Right; there is little you can say, you know, other than that you dropped in with me, we being together, and heard me ask young Lynde to pay his notes."

"Young Lynde! you mean the old man?"

"No, I mean young Lynde, Harold, who is now in jail."

"Ah!"

"That is right, you begin to understand, I see."

"But, have you such notes?"

"Oh, yes, they will be produced at the trial; well, you heard me ask Harold to pay his notes, and he refused, and his father refused, and I threatened to protest, and they kept me there until it was too late."

"Yes, I heard it all; but, I do not well see how I can be at the trial, as my ministerial duties call me away; you see I am going to the convention, to be held at St. Louis next week, and I hope to get a few thousands to help along my church."

"Curse your church; here are a couple of thousand for the corner-stone, so be on hand, and I will give you a written statement of what you are to say."

"I cannot come for two thousand, as I will get five at the convention."

"Your testimony is worthless, only it is best to have you there."

"Well, I thank you, Mr. Quilp, for this small donation to my church, and wish I could be at the trial, but I cannot, as I would lose five thousand dollars."

"Curse you, I'll give you the five thousand dollars, paying you the three more when you testify."

"The five more."

"You have two there."

"Why, that was a donation to my dear church, and—"

"You are a wolf in sheep's clothing, Silas Sloan, as I have ever believed you to be."

"The clothes fit too, Quilp, the miser millionaire, and believing me to be a villain, you sought me out as an associate."

The miser uttered a curse, but answered:

"Well, I will give you five thousand dollars the day you testify."

"You might forget it; give it to me, now."

"I will not."

"Then I will not testify."

"I will give you my due-bill for it."

"Very well."

The miser millionaire wrote the necessary paper, and departed.

"Where now, sir?" asked the driver.

"To my home."

"You live at the old Rhineberg homestead above Seventieth street, don't you, sir?"

"Yes."

And to his rickety old mansion the miser millionaire was driven, and there, in the following chapter, the reader will kindly follow him.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MISER'S LITTLE GAME.

"HE! he!" and the miser millionaire gave a low chuckle, as he held up several notes and gazed at them.

"He! he! he! The Government bank-note engraver couldn't give notes that looked more real."

"The old man gave his on his own note-book, made for him, with his name printed in one end, and this is a *fac-simile* of those he gave me, excepting the name of *Harold Lynde*, instead of *Andrew*."

"The engraver charged me well for the work, but he did it well, and I'll not complain; ha! ha! ha! now, *Andrew Lynde*, I not only strike you for robbing me of my bride in the past, and having me kidnapped, but I hit your beautiful daughter hard, for *her brother* dies on a gallows, and I will be on hand to see him die; ay, I will watch any agony he suffers and it will be joy to me."

"Now to get possession of the notes of *Andrew Lynde*, which he paid, and then all will be well; but I'll get them, for it was a lucky idea of mine to advertise for a daring man to do a secret service for high pay, and the one I selected out of the lot who came I know will do the work; ah! there he comes up the walk now."

Hastily putting his notes away, the miser millionaire went to the door and admitted a red-headed, black-eyed, freckle-faced young man, who looked as wiry as an eel, and was doubtless, to judge from his appearance, as slippery in character.

"Well, my man, you have come on time, I see."

"Allus on time when chuck's ter be made," was the laconic response.

"Good! now do you scare easily?"

"Try me."

"No, no, I don't wish to do that; but you are willing, as you told me when here this morning, to do a little job for me that requires a cool head, light fingers, and nerve."

"I has 'em all."

"You look it; now about your conscience."

"My what?"

"Conscience."

"Don't take, pal."

"Your compunctions!"

"Never had any."

"Good."

"If they's good, then I'll get some."

"You don't understand me; I mean do you commit a crime and then get sorry about it?"

"I hain't such a durned fool; ef I was going ter be sorry I wouldn't do it."

"You are a fine fellow; now I want you to break into a house."

"Waal?"

"And rob a safe."

"That's nothin' ter do."

"You are a thorough scamp I see."

"Yes, we is a good deal alike, boss."

"We'll not discuss that, for I don't wish to benefit by your robbery; I only wish to get

hold of some papers, and all the money you find in the safe you can have for yourself."

"Might not find none."

"Oh, yes, you will."

"I must get chuck for ther job; if I finds money, them is my perquisites."

"I'll give you one hundred dollars."

"How much money will I find in the safe?"

"Several thousand dollars; perhaps more."

"Then he would give more for me not to rob it; guess I'll do the job for him."

"Who?"

"The man who owns the safe."

The miser millionaire knew that he had been caught by a villain who was his superior in shrewdness, and he said at once:

"I'll give you five thousand for the job and what you find there."

"Good! I'll do it; who is he, where does he live, how many in family, what hours do they keep and has they dogs?"

Like a chain made of links these questions came out, and nearly took the miser's breath; but after awhile he answered them all, gave a plan of the house and room in which was the safe, and the young man departed, promising to do the work that night.

When he had gone Quilp paced to and fro, chuckling to himself, as he knew that a few more days only and Harold Lynde would be brought to trial and certainly be hanged, for he had woven around him a web of guilt that no testimony could break down.

"When that red-headed young scamp brings me the notes of old Andrew Lynde I am ready for the trial, and then, all ye of the name of Lynde, woe be unto you; hal! there comes that beautiful Jewess, whom I have not seen for several days; I will meet her at the door, and see what she thinks of the capture of the young aristocrat."

Going to the door the miser saluted Jule, the Jewess, who was coming in with a basket of marketing upon her arm.

"You are still alone, Miss Jule?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir, but my mother and uncle return to-morrow."

"Indeed! they have made quite a stay."

"Yes, longer than they expected; but then they went to Baltimore to trace up some old property of my father's, that was worthless twenty years ago, and had been forgotten, but which is now quite valuable."

"And they got it, Miss Jule?"

"Yes, after some little trouble."

"I congratulate you upon your good fortune, for I have feared you were not in the best of circumstances, and, as you did me a good turn, I intend to reduce your rent to twenty instead of twenty-five per month."

"You will do no such thing, Mr. Quilp, for neither my mother or myself accept favors, and, besides, we are in no need," said the maiden, haughtily.

"Indeed! I really hoped you were, so I could serve you; you saved my life, and that would take off sixty dollars for the year."

"You value your life cheaply, Miser Quilp; but then, reading your nature, as I do, I think you are one to go to any extreme in remembering an injury, but have a convenient memory to forget a favor done you."

"Why, you are severe, young woman," said Quilp, sharply.

"I try to be just."

"I will not quarrel with you, for I admire you too much; so let us change the subject; what do you think of the recapture of Mr. Harold Lynde—a clever piece of detective work, was it not?"

"No, it was an accidental capture only; his trial begins next Thursday, I believe."

"Yes, and you are subpoenaed to appear."

"I received my summons and shall be there."

"Your testimony will be most valuable to me, and I shall pay you well for it."

"Thank you, sir."

"My lawyer will outline for you what you are to testify to."

"Yes."

"So that there will be no mistake."

Jule, the Jewess, made no reply, but went on into her room, while the miser, too nervous to remain at home, went out for a walk.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE REVEREND SLOAN RECEIVES A CALL.

It was a neat little parsonage which the congregation of the Reverend Sloan rented for their bachelor pastor, for he was a great favorite with his flock, for he was always leading his lambs to shady pastures and cool streams, as "picnics," "festivals," and "excursions" were frequently indulged in.

He had "picked up," so to speak, talking Gospel and temperance to the public who tarried by the wayside, and, an eloquent preacher, a man of fascinating address, and certainly a scholar, he had interested several men of influence who heard him, and then gave him a call to their little chapel, which had just split off from the foundation rock, owing to some disagreement among the flock, as to which was the most direct road to the heavenly kingdom.

A small furnished cottage and a thousand a year was what Silas Sloan's congregation paid him, and they considered him worth the money, and fed him on the hope of a raise of salary, should he be convinced that it was not right for man to live alone and take unto himself a wife.

Knowing that the vestrymen had held out this bait to the minister, the widows and virgins of the congregation kept their lamps trimmed and burning so as not to be caught unawares by the handsome young divine; but he fought shy of any one bright particular star, though he doated on perhaps two-score collectively, with perhaps a leaning toward the ugliest girl in the church, who had the largest purse.

Seated in his sanctum one morning, the Saturday previous to the day set for Harold Lynde's trial, Biddy O'Fidget, the maid-of-all-work and good at none, in the pious parsonage, and whom the arguments of the clergyman had failed to win over from Catholicism, came in with the announcement:

"A gintlemin ter say your riverince, what is no riverince at all, sayin' as yeez is not afther bein' a priest o' the church, sur."

"Who is it, Bridget?"

"Divil a loikes o' me knows at all, sur."

"One of the dear souls under my keeping, I suppose."

"No, sur, he's a man."

"Ask him in, please."

Bridget obeyed at once, and a dashing, handsome man entered the room, and said politely:

"Mr. Sloan, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, I am the Reverend Silas Sloan, an humble worker in the great vineyard of my Heavenly Master."

"You are the one I have come to see, sir; are we alone?" asked the stranger.

"We are, sir."

The stranger stepped quickly to the door, and opening it, Miss Bridget O'Fidget came sprawling into the room, having been leaning heavily against it, with her ear to the keyhole.

"Holy Mither, yer riverince, I'm havin' a fit, I am, for I was afther comin' to tell yeez there was no paraties fer dinner, when a dizziness seized me all ter wunst, and I was afther tumblin' inter ther room," and Biddy looked as innocent as the most pious member of the pastor's flock.

"Well, try that caper once more and I'll seize you, and the fit would be preferable," sternly said the visitor, and he escorted the crushed Bridget to the door, and saw her descend to the culinary depths below, and, to the surprise of the Reverend Silas, without a word in reply; but the visitor had suddenly shown the servant a badge which she understood, having on several occasions been in the lock-up from a too great fondness for the cup that doth inebriate.

"Now, my reverend sir, to the little matter for which I called: you are a witness, I believe, in this trial of the State *versus* Lynde?"

"I expect to be, sir, and Mr. Quilp asked me to hold some conversation with his lawyer as to whether my testimony would be valuable to him."

"I am a lawyer, sir, and upon account of your being a witness I have called; may I ask what will be your testimony?"

"Yes; I saw Quilp tender the notes for payment, and they were refused."

"Mr. Andrew Lynde refused them?"

"He refused to pay them for his son."

"Ah! they were his son's notes then?"

"Yes, as I understand it."

"And why were you with Mr. Quilp?"

"Accidentally meeting, he asked me to accompany him."

"Ah! Reverend Richard Ellis—"

"Great God!"

"I repeat the name; Reverend Richard Ellis, I see you have not improved since you were dismissed from the Theological Seminary for evil-doing; on the contrary you have retrograded, and it becomes me, as an officer of the law, to ask you to hold out your hands for these bracelets."

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" groaned the man, and his head sunk upon the table before him.

"Do not call upon that Heaven which your actions have outraged, sir; I have it in my

power to send you to Australia under three charges, which will put you in prison until your hair turns gray—"

"Mercy! mercy!"

"I have it in my power to put you on trial here for being a fraud, and thus taking money under the pretense of being a Christian."

"I know your career, Richard Ellis, and that you have deceived your congregation most thoroughly."

"Had you been living a true life here you might have escaped; but I know all that you are."

"Who are you?" groaned the unhappy man.

"I am one who shall insist upon keeping an eye upon you for a short while, sir."

"Lord have mercy, for I am utterly undone," and the man with livid face began to sob as though his very chest would burst with the intensity of his emotions.

The visitor looked at the renegade minister without one atom of sympathy in his handsome face, and, after awhile said, coldly:

"Calm yourself, sir, for I wish to have a talk with you."

"You have then arrested me?" gasped the man.

"Yes, you can consider yourself under arrest, as I am an officer of the secret service as well as a lawyer."

"And will bring me to trial?"

"You certainly deserve it, sir, for you are a most bare-faced villain, although you wear a ministerial garb; but, as I said before, I wish to have a talk with you and then we will decide what is to be done; now, what does Quilp give you to testify in his behalf?"

"Sir!" said the minister, angrily.

"That is right; get angry at me for suspecting you of taking a bribe," sneered the visitor.

"I am not in the habit, sir, of being paid to give testimony in a case which accident made me a witness in."

"I say it was not accident, but design."

The minister dropped his eyes before the piercing gaze fixed upon him, but said:

"It was an accidental meeting with Mr. Quilp."

"You had met him before, I know, but once, and that was when you knew that one of your parishoners, who owed him largely, was going to fail, and went to him and told him, so that he got his money, while others suffered; for that you were paid by the miser, and this made him go to you when he wanted some dirty work done."

"As what, for instance?"

"Performing a secret marriage between him and the daughter of the man he intended to crush, and whose son he will hang if it is in his power to do so."

Again the man dropped his eyes; but after a moment said:

"You led me to believe that you were a lawyer, sent by the miser, and therefore I spoke openly to you."

"I led you to believe nothing of the kind; Quilp had called on you, and I knew you were to testify for him, and I sought you out."

"And who are you?"

"I am a lawyer, I said."

"Have we ever met before?"

"Yes."

"When I was reading law I was sent by the gentleman in whose office I was to England on legal business for him; from there it called me to Australia, and on board were some English criminals sent to prison in the colonies."

"You were among the number, and a gentleman on the vessel, who had known you when you took holy orders, and afterward was at your trial for forgery, told me your history, and that you had escaped from prison in Australia, and they were taking you back."

"I remember now, that when I returned to this city, in an Australian paper sent me, I read of your escape a second time, and when I saw you on the street yesterday I recognized you."

"And you are not then an Australian officer sent after me?" eagerly said the degenerate minister.

"No, I have the honor to be an American, a member of the New York bar, also one of the secret service bureau, and my name is Merton Wilbur."

"Hal! you are the lawyer of Harold Lynde in his trial next week?"

"Yes, Reverend Richard Ellis *alias* Silas Sloan, I am Mr. Harold Lynde's lawyer in the coming trial, and you will prove a valuable witness."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TRIAL OPENS.

ALL New York was agog with excitement, for the trial of Harold Lynde, the young aristocrat and millionaire, was to begin that morning.

At an early hour the court-room was crowded to suffocation, and at ten o'clock the trial began.

Upon one side sat the District Attorney, defending the State, and aided by a lawyer who stood at the head of the legal profession, and who had been engaged by Quilp, who unhesitatingly paid the extravagant fee demanded for his valuable services.

Between them sat the miser millionaire himself, dressed in a newsuit, and with his face full of cunning delight, while he was the cynosure of all eyes until better game appeared in the person of the prisoner.

Upon the other side was Judge Graham, the peer and rival in legal lore of Quilp's lawyer, and next to him sat the prisoner, calm, pale, and with eyes cast down, for well he knew how he was regarded by four-fifths of the people there.

Next to him was Merton Wilbur, his handsome, intelligent face full of hope for his client, and attracting considerable attention, for a young lawyer unknown to fame, by his distinguished appearance.

Behind these were Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, and his beautiful daughter, whose beauty, however, was veiled from sight.

Not far distant was the wife of Detective Dade, whom Harold Lynde had killed, and at her side were her four fatherless children, all in deepest mourning, the said black attire being a present from Quilp, who felt that those five would win useful sympathy from the public, and more especially the jury who were to sit on the case.

At length the case was called; those impaneled for the jury-box were called one by one, challenged or accepted by the watchful attorneys, and at last the twelve were made up, and certainly they were "twelve good men and true," which is not the usual case in trials, as more ignorance is frequently found among men whom the law calls to try their fellow-beings for crimes they are charged with, than among any other work that mankind may be picked out to perform.

From the first it seemed a foregone conclusion that Harold Lynde was to hang for his crime, and the gamblers who haunt court-rooms to make wagers on the result, would offer no odds in favor of acquittal, and betting was consequently light.

The shrewd and able District Attorney, with the lawyer engaged by the millionaire miser, called their witnesses, and one by one they told their story.

First came Quilp himself, with a manufactured evidence of his having, at different times, advanced Harold Lynde money on his personal notes.

"And where are those notes, Mr. Quilp?" asked Judge Graham; but, before reply could be made a telegram called the judge away to see his wife, who had been suddenly taken very ill.

Here was a *contretemps*, for what was to be done?

The judge on the bench, from sympathy, would have adjourned the case, but Judge Graham stated that his associate, Mr. Merton Wilbur, was fully capable of going on with it, and he hoped to soon return.

All eyes turned upon the young lawyer; but he seemed as cool as an icicle, and, bidding Judge Graham farewell, immediately turned and repeated his question:

"And where are those notes, Mr. Quilp?"

They were at once produced, nine in all, and covering the sum which Quilp had advanced to the millionaire himself, and not to the son.

The young lawyer glanced at them coolly, and then the miser went on to state how they had been refused payment by the drawer, and then by the millionaire, and that that very night Harold Lynde had ridden to his home, climbed to his rooms and gained entrance, and would have taken his life, but for the arrival of one person whom he would produce as witness, to corroborate his words.

Several unimportant witnesses were then called, to prove that they knew Quilp had notes of Harold Lynde in his possession, and then the Reverend Silas Sloan was told to go to the witness stand.

For some moments he could not be found, and then he entered hastily and seemed nervous and pale, for one whose calling brought him constantly before the public.

"Mr. Sloan, you were with Mr. Ezra Quilp

when he visited the Lynde mansion, to request the payment by Mr. Harold Lynde of his notes?" asked the district attorney.

"I was, sir, but I was under the impression that Mr. Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, was the drawer of those notes.

The answer caused Ezra Quilp to turn livid; what could it mean that his witness should make such a mistake, he asked himself hurriedly, and then whispered to his lawyer, who inquired:

"Mr. Sloan, who was in the room at the time?"

"Mr. Quilp, the Messrs. Lynde and myself."

"And Mr. Harold Lynde refused payment of the notes?"

"No, sir, his father paid the notes."

Here was a bombshell, and Quilp was livid with rage, and, after a hasty conversation, Mr. Silas Sloan was withdrawn from the witness stand, the public believing him to be too devoted to Gospel to understand law, and a sad blunderer for the side that had summoned him.

"I will call on the Reverend Silas Sloan anon," said Merton Wilbur, with a smile, and then Miss Jule Naomi was called to the stand.

She walked forward, accompanied by Victor Moloch, and calmly took her seat. She was dressed in a black silk, trimmed with lace, wore a jaunty bonnet and a veil, which she was requested to raise.

Already her exquisite form had attracted universal admiration, but, when she calmly raised her veil, and her beautiful face, a little flushed, was revealed, a hum of pleased surprise ran round the room, and Isabel Lynde said excitedly to her father:

"Why, it is my old schoolmate, Jule, the Jewess."

In consideration of her known religion, the oath was not administered by the New Testament but upon the Old, and then the district attorney explained to her that as Mr. Harold Lynde was being tried for the killing of Detective Dade, all circumstances attending to the case were being brought in, as the case of his alleged attempted assassination of Ezra Quilp hinged on the death of the detective.

"I believe, Miss Naomi, that you have rooms in the house of Mr. Ezra Quilp?" asked the district attorney.

"I live with my mother and my uncle, sir, in rooms rented from Mr. Quilp," was the reply, in a rich voice that reached every ear in the room.

"Upon the night of Thursday, the 10th of last month, where were you, may I ask?"

"At home, sir."

"You will state to the court what scene you witnessed in Mr. Quilp's room, who were there, and what you did."

"Sir" and Jule's eyes flashed as she turned them upon the attorney.

In surprise he repeated the question, and then came the answer:

"Mr. Ezra Quilp has made overtures of money to me, sir, to state his case as he wished it; I refused and I now refuse to speak at all."

A wild excitement pervaded the court-room, for the words of Jule, the Jewess, fell like a thunderbolt upon all, and the livid miser, after another hastily whispered conversation with his lawyers, asked to have the maiden withdrawn from the stand for awhile, and it was done, Merton Wilbur waiving a cross-examination of her for the present.

It was evident that whatever the ideas of the public might be upon the guilt of Harold Lynde, as far as the killing of Detective Dade went, the case of the millionaire miser, Ezra Quilp, was weakening, for, if his witnesses showed weakness under the questions of his own attorneys, what would not they do when turned over to the dashing lawyer of the young aristocrat?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

AFTER a recess, in which the starting in of the trial was excitedly discussed, and Ezra Quilp and his satellites rushed frantically around, in a vain endeavor to find Jule, the Jewess, and Parson Sloan, court was again opened, and all resumed their seats as before, the millionaire miser pale and nervous, after the unexpected rebuffs he had met from the witnesses he had summoned for the prosecution, and anticipating more trouble from them, when Merton Wilbur got them into his sarcastic legal gripe, so to speak.

The first witness called by the defense was Levi Cohen, a bank messenger, and a Hebrew.

He appeared to be a youth of nineteen, with a handsome face, mustache and curling hair,

and he spoke in a quick, terse manner that carried weight with his words.

"Mr. Cohen, I believe you were authorized to pay Mr. Ezra Quilp the amount of the notes of Mr. Andrew Lynde, and the interest accumulated upon them?" said Merton Wilbur.

"I was, sir."

"What was the interest on those notes?"

"Usurious in the extreme; ten per cent. for six months," was the quick reply, and it brought the other side to their feet with objections, but already had the shot hit the target.

"Mr. Quilp refused to sell, I believe?"

"He did."

"Did you offer him the full value of notes and interest?"

"I offered him double the amount, and even more."

"You seemed anxious to get the notes, sir," sneered the lawyer of Quilp.

"I was acting for a friend of Mr. Andrew Lynde—"

"You mean Mr. Harold Lynde?"

"No, I mean Mr. Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, for they were his notes."

The District Attorney and his associate both glanced at Quilp, who was now painfully nervous.

There was something in all this which they could not understand.

"Why the anxiety of your friend to serve Mr. Lynde, Mr. Cohen?"

"Because he knew that the miser-millionaire held him and his fairly in his power, and intended to bring them to his nefarious terms."

This was evidently a bad witness for Quilp, and so all in the court-room thought, when, after a few more questions, he was allowed to depart, and every eye followed him as he went out of the court-room, followed by Victor Moloch.

Next, the Rev. Silas Sloan, whom Quilp had been unable to find at noon, was called, and he took the stand, more self-possessed than before.

"Mr. Sloan, may I ask why you accompanied Mr. Ezra Quilp to the home of Mr. Andrew Lynde, the night in question?" asked Merton Wilbur.

"I was requested by Mr. Quilp to accompany him to perform the ceremony of marriage, and, from all I understood after my arrival, it was his intention to force Mr. Lynde to give him his daughter."

"What power held he over Mr. Andrew Lynde?" asked the young lawyer, when the hum following the announcement of the witness had subsided.

"He held notes of Mr. Andrew Lynde, covering every dollar he was worth, and was to surrender them only upon his, Mr. Quilp's, marriage with Miss Lynde."

Here was another shot that struck home, but the young lawyer quickly asked:

"What was done about the notes?"

"To the fury and surprise of Mr. Quilp, Mr. Andrew Lynde had, in some way, secured the money to pay the notes, and taking them up, drove the miser-millionaire from the house."

A laugh at the name applied to Quilp mingled with the exclamations of surprise at the words of the minister, and every eye turned upon Ezra Quilp, whose face was like marble.

"Was aught said of notes of Mr. Harold Lynde, the prisoner?"

"There was not, sir."

"Did Mr. Quilp call upon you, asking you to testify in this case?"

"He paid me to testify, sir, and here is the money he paid down, and his due-bill for more, and which I now return to him."

Merton Wilbur simply took the money and paper and handed both to the judge, and then said:

"That is all, Mr. Sloan, and I thank you, sir."

With a sigh of relief the minister left the witness-box, and next there was called to the stand a youth whom the reader once saw in conversation with Ezra Quilp in his rooms, and plotting the breaking into a private house and robbing the safe of certain papers.

The appearance of the youth was not prepossessing, for his clothes were by no means of a fashionable cut, his face was freckled, and looked decidedly soiled, his red hair was unkempt, and his black eyes alone seemed to redeem him from a picture of arrant devilry.

"You have met Mr. Quilp then, I believe?" asked Merton Wilbur, with a smile, as he regarded the witness.

"I have."

"When and where?"

"Some days ago in his shabby old house."

"What were you doing there?"

"He hired me."

"For what purpose?"

"To break in the house of Andrew Lynde, the millionaire, and rob the safe."

"Rob it of what?"

"Papers for him; the lucre I was to have."

"Did you get the papers?"

"I did."

"And the money?"

"I got it."

"What did you do with all?"

"Gave the papers to Quilpy and kept the circulating medium."

It was evident that this witness was a startling one, even to the judge; but Merton Wilbur, perfectly cool, went on to ask:

"What were the papers you gave Quilpy?"

"Notes of Andrew Lynde to him."

"By his own words he has committed burglary," muttered Quilpy's lawyer, but, with a smile, Merton Wilbur asked:

"So you are a burglar, are you?"

"No."

"You broke into the house of Mr. Lynde and, according to the newspaper accounts, opened the safe with false keys, robbing it of its contents."

"I did nothing of the kind; I went to Miss Isabel Lynde, told her what Quilpy had hired me to do, and her father was taken into my plot, for I had formed one, and he opened the safe, gave me the money, but not the notes, but in their place *fac-similes* of them with three exceptions, the description of properties named in the genuine one, the date, which was put back skillfully twenty years, by making a 5 resemble a 3, and the signature, which was something in Mr. Lynde's style of autograph, but read *Andrea Lyndsay*, instead of Andrew Lynde."

"These I gave to Mr. Quilpy, believing, as he did, that he would find them the genuine ones, and Mr. Lynde reported the robbery of his safe to the papers."

For some moments the excitement caused by this strange testimony was intense, and rising, Merton Wilbur said:

"Your honor, it seems that we are trying the wrong man in this case, and that Mr. Quilpy seems to be the real criminal; but that my witness may be proven of good character, I beg that he appear in his true character."

A motion was then made to the witness, and off came the red wig, and sandy mustache, and a little rubbing of the face revealed a pure complexion, while an outburst was heard on all sides as the beautiful face of Jule, the Jewess, flushed, but calm, glanced at the judge on the bench.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VERDICT.

WHEN Ezra Quilp, the miser millionaire, saw who it was that had so cleverly deceived him, he attempted to leave the court-room; but the quick eye of Merton Wilbur detected the movement, and he cried out:

"May it please the court, I think it is necessary that Mr. Quilp remain here."

"Mr. Quilp will remain," said the judge, sternly, and then Merton Wilbur continued:

"I would ask the witness to explain regarding the alleged notes of Mr. Harold Lynde in the possession of Mr. Ezra Quilp."

"Mr. Quilp," said Jule, the Jewess, in a far different tone and manner from what she had used under her disguise, "loaned me a paper which he said he wished returned."

"After reading it I took it to his room, but no answer coming to my knock, I tried the door and found it unlocked."

"Entering I laid the paper upon his table, and my eye was attracted by a quantity of notes lying before me, and which, upon examination, for I was plotting then against his plot to ruin the Lyndes, proved to be notes with the signature of Mr. Harold Lynde."

"These I saw had been written over and over again, and were in different stages of completion, while pages were filled with the signature copies, until at last it was a perfect imitation."

"Some of these notes, cast aside as not good enough, and a page of these signatures, I took with me, carrying the paper back, not to let Mr. Quilp know I had been in his room."

"And where are they?" asked the District Attorney, sternly, for he was in no pleasant mood.

"In the possession of Mr. Merton Wilbur, to whom I gave them."

The young lawyer handed them over to the other side for examination, and then they were passed to the judge and jury, and all looked daggers at the miser millionaire who sat like one dumfounded.

The witness was turned over then to the District Attorney, but only a few unimportant questions were asked her, and she departed from the court-room, to reappear in half an hour as her natural self, accompanied by Victor Moloch and her mother, who had returned with her brother from Baltimore to be amazed at all that had transpired in her household during her absence, but was too deeply interested in both Jule and Victor Moloch to say or do aught to prevent the carrying out of their plot to thwart the devilry of the millionaire miser.

In the mean time, during the temporary absence of Jule, Merton Wilbur had called upon Mr. Andrew Lynde and Isabel, to corroborate her testimony, and both had done so, acknowledging however that they had never suspected her of being other than a shrewd urchin, and had placed confidence in him only, as he brought a letter from Mr. Merton Wilbur.

Then, in a brilliant manner, and with telling sarcasm the young lawyer arraigned Ezra Quilp, the miser millionaire, for his plot to revenge himself upon Andrew Lynde, for a wrong done in the far past, and having carried it so far as to accuse Harold Lynde of attempted assassination.

Though knowing the truth on this point, Merton Wilbur spoke of it with the utmost ridicule, for he knew upon that hinged the after deed of the prisoner, and hooted the idea of a man attempting to kill another for a debt he did not owe.

To show the plot of the miser millionaire in all its devilry, he called upon the rich young Hebrew banker, Mr. Victor Moloch, to show that he had sent Jule, the Jewess, disguised as a Jewish youth, and bank messenger, to purchase, at any price, the notes of Andrew Lynde, and which even the miser's greed of gold allowed him to refuse, his greed of revenge being greater.

In a clear, logical, eloquent manner, he laid the whole plot of the millionaire miser before the jury, admitting the temporary embarrassment of Andrew Lynde for money, and then showing that his enemy, and boyhood companion, Ezra Quilp, intended his ruin, and to humiliate him by making him give him his daughter to save all from wreck.

Failing in this, Merton Wilbur showed forcibly, that the miser millionaire had brought the charge of attempted assassination against Harold Lynde, and which his own witness had said he had offered her payment to testify to, as had the Reverend Silas Sloan also testified, and presented proofs of being bribed to appear as witness.

Then Merton Wilbur turned to the main charge, that of murder, and showed how a warrant, sworn out by Ezra Quilp, had been placed in the hands of a detective, who was sent at night to serve it.

And here he again called Jule, the Jewess, to prove that she had overheard, when seated at her window, Ezra Quilp tell the detective that he would give him, the day of Harold Lynde's death by hanging on the gallows, ten thousand dollars, if he would push it to the bitter end.

Armed with his warrant and this generous promise of blood-money, said the young lawyer, in withering tones, the detective had gone to the happy home of the millionaire merchant, called young Lynde from his dinner, and then what occurred, as but one only could tell, the prisoner, he would ask that that one should speak.

With a marble-like face, and in a voice that was distinct, Harold Lynde said, while not the rustle of a fan was heard in the crowded room:

"I went into the hall and found there a man who was unknown to me."

"Instantly, as I approached, he seized me, and said, harshly:

"You go with me, Harold Lynde."

"At the same time he attempted to handcuff me, and placed a pistol to my head."

"I struck aside the irons, grasped his pistol hand, and, drawing a weapon, which the threat of Ezra Quilp had caused me to arm myself with that day, shot him, as I believed, to save my own life, for he showed me no papers of arrest, and was, I thought, sent to take my life by some foe, or to kidnap me for ransom money."

"He fell dead at my shot, and, excited, hardly knowing what I did, for I was urged by my father and sister to fly, I threw on a disguise and sought safety in flight, but should upon thought afterward, have returned and delivered myself up."

The story was breathlessly listened to, and, whatever might have been its truth, it carried weight with it, for the plot of Ezra Quilp against the Lyndes, and the testimony of Jule, the Jewess, that Detective Dade had been of-

fered a bribe to aid to hang the prisoner, was sufficient to gain the sympathies of one and all.

Knowing the weakness of the charges against the aristocratic prisoner, as they had been made to appear by the brilliant handling of the case by the young lawyer, the judge charged in a manner that impressed the jury toward acquittal, and, without leaving their seats, the verdict was rendered:

"Not guilty!"

The following morning there were numerous comments upon the trial and the result in the morning paper, and all credit was given to the daring and skillful entrapping of Ezra Quilp, by Jule, the Jewess, and the brilliant and most eloquent defense of the prisoner by Merton Wilbur, who at once sprung into great prominence as a lawyer.

In conclusion, one of the morning journals remarked:

"We learn that Ezra Quilp, better known as the miser millionaire, was arrested at once upon the charges of forgery, blackmailing, conspiracy to ruin, perjury and false accusation, and knowing the ability of the distinguished young lawyer, Mr. Merton Wilbur, sought to have him as his attorney, an honor the legal light, that has so suddenly soared into popularity and fame, respectfully declined."

Another article read:

"Mr. Harold Lynde, just set free after his trial, which all believed would send him to the gallows, and to escape which caused him to make so clever an escape from prison, and the secret of which is still a mystery to the public, sails for Europe in to-day's steamer; we wish him *bon voyage*."

"Another passenger also sails in the same steamer, and one whom his congregation will regret to part with, as the Reverend Silas Sloan has many friends in our city."

"But Mr. Sloan claims ill-health as the cause of his sudden resignation from the pastorate of his church, and says his determination is to retire from the ministry altogether."

So much for the newspaper comments, whose keen-eyed reporters could not see behind the scenes, or discover the wheel within the wheel, which my romancing pen, in the next installment of my story, will unfold to the patient reader, who has thus far followed me in my over true tale of ill-omened lives.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DOUBLE SECRET DIVULGED.

WHEN Harold Lynde left the court-house a free man, he drove rapidly to his home, accompanied by his father and sister, anxious to avoid the congratulations his friends desired to shower upon him.

Calm outwardly, his brain was yet in a whirl, and his heart beat tremulously, for he knew that the skill and daring of Jule, the Jewess, and Merton Wilbur alone had saved him from the gallows, and that in intent he was guilty and deserved punishment.

At dinner he barely tasted his food, refused his wine, and ordering his horse saddled, rode rapidly away as soon as it was dark, leaving his father and sister to pack up his traps, as he had made known his determination to sail upon the following day for Europe.

Straight to the old home of Ezra Quilp he rode, and dismounting knocked for admittance.

The door was opened by Mother Naomi, and at his request to see her daughter, she ushered him up-stairs into her sitting-room, and he found himself face to face with the beautiful Jewess, who seemed surprised at his entrance.

"Jule," he said, earnestly, "I owe you my life, for you, aided by Merton Wilbur, saved me from the gallows."

"I am an innocent man now, in the eyes of the world; but in your eyes I am guilty, for you know all that I am."

"The story of repentance at the last, as the thief on the cross, which with your creed, you do not believe, shall be true in my case, for, from to-day I am a changed man, and I wish to live for you."

"I love you with all my heart, and I implore you to return that love, and go with me as my wife far from here, and let me devote my remaining years to your happiness; will you go, Jule, or must I go alone into the world, with your image only in my heart?"

She listened to his impassioned language without a look, act, or word of interruption until he had finished, and then she said softly, but firmly:

"You must go alone, for I can never be your wife."

"I know that you say another claims you as his promised bride, but I know too all that you have done for me proves that you love me."

Ere reply could be made a third person entered the room and advanced to where they stood.

It was Victor Moloch, and he was very pale; but he said quietly:

"Jule, from the adjoining room I overheard the avowal of love made by Mr. Lynde, and I have a word to say, and say it now, as I believe I know the secret of your heart, and it gives me joy, for I feared to give you pain by a confession I must make."

"Mr. Lynde, to explain to you, sir, I must say that my parents left me comparatively a poor man; but one, who had received kindness at my father's hands, left me an enormous fortune, and upon two conditions:

"First, I was to take his name, and second, I was to make Jule Naomi my wife."

"I agreed to these terms for two reasons, first, I needed money, and had a certain duty to perform, which it would aid me in, and second, I felt that I could love Jule."

"Since then I have worn the name of the one who left me my fortune, and which I am free to say should have gone to his fair kinswoman here, Jule Naomi; and more, using that wealth skillfully, I have trebled the amount I inherited, and can now give to Jule all that was left me, with the full state interest to date, and yet have the increase, which is a large fortune, for myself."

"But I care not for it, Victor; it is yours, and together only will we share it," said the Jewess.

"Hear me," murmured Victor Moloch in the same quiet tones.

"One night, some time ago, I saved the life of a young and beautiful girl, and from that moment I madly loved her."

"But her creed was not my creed, for she was a Gentile, I a Jew, and between us well I knew there was a great gulf fixed."

"Yet I loved her, and only when I knew that she was in distress did I seek her out."

"You, Jule, believed that I served her and her kindred from love of you; ah! how bitter was your mistake."

"I served her because I loved her, though her kindred I had had bitter cause to hate in the past."

"Who that maiden is you both well know, and that I saved her from Quilp, the miser millionaire, to make her my wife, you are aware, Mr. Lynde, though Jule is not."

"But I speak the truth, Jule, for Isabel Lynde is pledged to be my wife this very day, as her brother will tell you."

"Thanks be to the God of Israel!" broke from the lips of Jule, the Jewess, to the surprise of Harold Lynde and Victor Moloch, for the latter had believed that it would fall like a blow of iron upon the heart of the maiden.

"Do you mean this, Jule?" he asked, eagerly.

"I do, Victor, for a brother only have you been to me, a lover never, and my heart rebelled at having one day to call you husband, though I love you, oh, so dearly in the light of kindred, as such you only seem."

"And I say thanks be to the God of Abraham," fervently said Victor Moloch, while Harold Lynde eagerly cried:

"Then now there is hope for me?"

"None, for I do not love you, Mr. Lynde, and all I have done for you, I tell you again, was prompted only by gratitude for the past; if those acts of yours deserved such gratitude, you well know, and now we can part with no claim the one upon the other."

He saw that she meant every word she uttered, and, in a voice that trembled and with a face that was ashen pale, he said:

"This then is my punishment for my sins, and I deserve it."

"And, Harold Lynde, you deserve more; I saved you and yours from being ruined by Ezra Quilp, and I aided in saving you from the galleys, as Jule Naomi will tell you, and your greater punishment shall be to know that I am avenged, ay, avenged for a cruel blow and scorn in the past, for I am your old college mate, Adolph Hugo."

Harold Lynde started back with a bitter, amazed cry, and then he groaned forth rather than said:

"Yes, Hugo, bitterly, cruelly you have avenged yourself, and this moment the anguish is deeper for me than did I stand upon the gallows, the hangman's noose about my neck."

"You have triumphed, and I have lost; you have risen and I have fallen, and now we part forever."

Without another word he turned away, and neither of the other two speaking he left the room and the house.

For a moment a silence fell between Victor Moloch and Jule, the Jewess; then the man spoke:

"Forgive me, Jule."

"I have nothing to forgive, Victor."

"I am glad, for I feared to give you pain, and I loved her so."

"So be it."

"And she shall become my wife this day, and I came hither to tell you so, and to give into your hands the inheritance I received from Victor Moloch, whose name I took."

"Here is the amount he left, as you see by his will, and here is the check for all interest accumulating to date, and from this day I am once more Adolph Hugo."

"Accept my congratulations, Adolph, for the name of Moloch I never liked, though a family name of ours; but the money I care not for."

"And I will not retain it, so do with it as you wish."

"So be it; now we are quits, and gladly will I see you marry Isabel Lynde."

"She is not a Jewess, Jule."

"I know it."

"She is a Christian."

"That I know."

"And you would see me become a renegade to my creed, my people and the God of Israel?"

She turned pale, and then her beautiful face flushed as she replied:

"You can still hold your creed, be true to the God of Israel, and love our people."

"A strange argument for you, Jule; but I thank you for it, though I never expected to hear such words from your lips," he said, thoughtfully.

"I argue from the same stand-point that you do, Adolph."

"Ha!" and he started at her words.

She turned crimson, but answered firmly:

"Yes, from the stand-point of love, for I am pledged to become the wife of a Christian."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ISADOR MUIR MAKES A PROMISE.

AFTER the startling avowal, made by Jule, the Jewess, of her love for a Christian, Adolph Hugo, as I now once more call my hero, left the home of his friends in deepest meditation, while the maiden paced to and fro, her thoughts evidently far away.

"I was insulted when he accused me of loving Harold Lynde, and yet how differently I feel, when I really love one who is not of my creed or people."

"He is a renegade, and so am I; but the one he loves and he whom I love, are enough to make one prove recreant to every faith— Oh, uncle Isador, come in, for I have something to tell you, if mother has not already made it known," she said, as Isador Muir, the ragged, oath-bound wanderer entered the room.

"She has told me you are to be a renegade to our faith, Jule," he said, sternly.

"True, and so is one other."

"Who?"

"Victor Moloch."

"You mean Adolph Hugo?"

"Yes."

"The son of Marcus Hugo and Salome Monica?" he again asked, in a suppressed tone.

"Yes; how did you know him as such?"

"I heard all that was said."

"Ah! and you know there are two of us renegades?"

"Yes, but from their son I might expect it; but from you, no."

"I have but one excuse: I love a man more than my creed, and Adolph does the same, and I know we shall both be happy."

"I hope that you may; love drove me upon the wide earth a wanderer and made me what I am; but in proof that I forgive you, and him, I wish you to make his bride one present I give you, only let it come as though wholly from you."

"I thank you, uncle Isador; but, as you heard all, you may know that I hold here in this package all the wealth Victor Moloch, our kinsman, left Adolph Hugo, and can buy a wedding present from my own means."

"Never mind, I have a present in view for his bride; you remember, I gave his mother one?"

"Yes, and it took your last dollar to buy the gems, and you, being a silversmith, made it yourself."

"Yes, and oh, how beautiful it was, niece; but you said it was pawned by Adolph's mother to educate him, I believe, and give him a start in the world."

"So it was, I have been told."

"But, the interest not being paid, I suppose it was sold?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Could you tell me who was the pawnbroker who received it?"

"Yes, for I have heard mother say it was Isaac Castleberg, of Boston."

"Thank you, child; now do not speak more of it to any one, and you shall have that gemmed star to give to his bride as a wedding gift, for what more appropriate than for her to wear what his mother wore?"

"You dear old uncle, how can I repay all of your goodness to me?" said Jule, with tears in her eyes.

"Never mind, my child; I have not long to live, I know, but I wish to make you happy while I do linger here."

"Now tell your mother that I have been called away to Boston to-night, for I go to see Castleberg, and if he has sold the gem, I can readily trace so valuable an article, and will buy it, cost what it may."

"It is doubtless in some pawnbroker's hands, or jeweler's; now, as few could afford to keep such a present."

"Good-by, Jule, and expect me to return with the gem."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TRAMP.

THE street lamps of a handsome Eastern city were just lighted, and mingling their rays with the dying twilight, when a man entered the outskirts, and wended his way down one of the principal thoroughfares.

He walked with a tired step, pushed to haste from some cause, and carried a heavy stick, or rather staff, upon which he leant with apparent good will.

Such a man, in general make-up, one meets daily in our land, both in country towns and highways, and now and then within the limits of our largest cities, and they are called—tramps.

Houseless, homeless, even countryless often, they wander north, south, east and west, like the swallows, seeking the genial sunny climes in winter, and wending their way northward in the sultry time of summer.

Ragged this man was; almost shoeless, and his hat was drawn down over his eyes, but not so far but that when a street lamp flashed upon him, the face of a Jew was revealed.

To the honor of the Jewish race be it said, the street beggars, the country tramps, are not represented by their people; but, as all rules have exceptions, in this case, the tramp was a Jew.

Other than his dilapidated attire, and his staff, he seemed to possess nothing else in worldly goods, not even a bundle, and his left hand was serving no purpose on his travels, and hung idly at his side, unless I except a nervous clinching and working of the fingers as he walked along, his haste evidently taxing his powers of endurance.

Into the busy mart of the town he took his way, following, apparently from long habit, rather than intention, the center of the street, and now and then raising his eyes and glancing at the signs over the stores.

Presently he halted, took from an inner recess of his tattered garments a card, and apparently satisfied that he was right, went straight to the doors of a brilliantly-illuminated jewelry store.

"BRAZIER & COMPANY, SILVERSMITHS AND JEWELERS."

Such read the gilded sign over their store; but without hesitation the man in tatters opened the door and stepped within.

"Nothing for you!" called out a haughty clerk, with his hair parted in the middle, and a diamond stud, loaned by the firm as an advertisement, glittering in his shirt-front of immaculate linen.

But the man came further into the gorgeous store.

"Beggars not admitted; begone!" sternly said the clerk, and the eyes of all turned upon the man.

But, undismayed, he walked up to the glittering case, and said calmly:

"I wish no peggars, mine frint."

"What are you, then?"

"A tramp."

"A tramp, self-confessed; then what the deuce do you want here?"

"To make a purchase, mine frint."

A general, vulgar laugh followed this announcement, for what had Brazier & Company in their store that a beggarly-looking tramp could buy?

"A purchase, eh? Well, what will your trampship buy? Perhaps this set of diamonds; they are cheap at ten thousand," sneered the "curled darling" of the establishment.

"No, I wish vant dat star of rupies, dimints ant opals, mine frint."

A loud laugh followed this announcement.

for the article referred to was the most costly piece of jewelry in the store, being a five-pointed star with an opal of great size in the center, and a circle of immense rubies, rare and blood-red, around it, and the points being set with diamonds, differing in size from the one next to the ruby circle, to the one in the star point.

This magnificent and costly piece of jewelry, with its massive gold setting, the clerk placed his hand upon, and said in the same scornful way:

"Ah! I see, that is what your trampship wants?"

"Yesh, mine frint."

"Well, I guess you can buy it; will you give your check for it now, or shall I send it to your hotel for you, C. O. D.?"

"I will pay now."

"Good! Well, it costs just fifty thousand dollars."

"And here ish te monish, mine frint."

In blank amazement the clerks gathered around, while from an old morocco wallet the Jew took out a roll of bank-notes, and counted out the sum demanded.

"Dere ish te monish; fifty t'ousant tollars, mine frint, ant I ish have one tollar left."

So saying he placed the remaining bill back in his wallet, which he returned to his pocket.

Instantly there was a change in the manner of the clerks.

At first they seemed to doubt the genuineness of the bank-bills; but these on examination proved beyond cavil.

"Well, sir, I hope you will pardon me for my little joke; but it is nearly closing hours, and we are so often deceived in people," said the clerk, politely, to his fifty-thousand-dollar customer.

"So ish tramps, mine frint; oh, t'ank you, I vill take it mit me now," and he took the velvet case and its treasure, and added, as he left the store:

"Goot-night, mine frint."

"Perkins, I fear you were wrong to let that go to such a purchaser; he may be a thief, and—"

"I'll stop him and have him arrested," shouted Perkins, before his fellow-clerk could say more.

But when he gained the street, the Jew with his costly jewel had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ISABEL LYNDE'S CONFESSION.

WHEN Adolph Hugo left the home of Jule, the Jewess, he secured a carriage from a stable near by and drove to the palatial mansion of the millionaire, Andrew Lynde.

Thither Harold Lynde had already preceded him, and, with his father and sister were seated in the library, when Richards announced:

"Mr. Victor Moloch."

Isabel's face flushed, for, from her brother's lips, she had just learned the story of the past, when the two were at the University together, and also that Merton Wilbur had been a classmate with them; in fact, the humbled and sorrowing Harold had told all.

"Is he alone, Richards?" asked Isabel, for she knew that it was the day when he had a right to claim her in marriage, according to the agreement.

"Yes, miss."

She gave a sigh of relief and he entered.

"Mr. Moloch," she began; but he broke in with:

"I am no longer Victor Moloch, Miss Lynde, for that name I assumed at the will of one from whom I inherited my fortune."

"I am now Adolph Hugo."

"Yes, I recall you now; your full beard deceived me, though often have I wondered where I had met you before."

"You saved my life on that awful night of wreck, when I was returning home from boarding-school, and thus I find I owe to you another debt of gratitude."

"Miss Lynde, before your father and brother, I wish to say that you owe me no debt."

"I loved you from that night of which you speak, and, possessing the money to aid your father, and wishing you to be mine, and not sacrificed to Ezra Quilp, I bound you to a pledge to become my wife this day."

"That pledge I give you back, if so you will, for I wish no unwilling bride if so you be."

He was very pale, and breathlessly awaited her reply.

Choking back her emotion she said, in a trembling voice:

"And you shall have no unwilling wife, Adolph Hugo, for, from that night have I also

loved you, and it was thus losing one whom I believed had forgotten me that made me reckless of whose wife I became, and caused me to offer myself as a sacrifice to the miser to save my father and brother from ruin; yes, Adolph Hugo, I love you with all my heart, and if you will take me, in the presence of my father and brother, who owe you so much of gratitude, I tell you that thy home shall be my home, thy God my God until death do us part."

"Amen!"

The one word came from the lips of the millionaire, while his son, with his face buried in his hands, made no reply.

"Isabel, I thank you, and may the God of Israel forever bless you; but this day will I not claim you, as I wish no hasty dragging of a bride from her home and father."

"To-day two months, if so it please you, I will claim you as my wife, and in the mean time the world may know of the step you take, and which I take, for it is no slight thing for one of my race to turn his back upon the daughters of Israel and the laws of his race."

"I am content, Adolph; claim me when you will, for frankly I confess that you only can I love," she said, earnestly, and soon after the young Jew took his leave, Harold Lynde offering his hand in farewell as he departed, and hearing the words:

"For your sister's sake, Mr. Lynde, I forgive the past, and shall forget it; may your life in the future be truer and nobler than in the past; farewell."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE STAR OF ILL-OMEN.

THE day set by Adolph Hugo for the one on which he was to claim his bride rolled around at last.

But in that time changes had come to some of those who have become known in these pages to the kind reader.

Harold Lynde, a far different man from the haughty aristocrat of his earlier years, had settled in Paris, and was living a quiet, uneventful life, for there were memories that haunted him which would not down at his bidding.

The Reverend Silas Sloan, who had accompanied him to England, had found out upon his arrival that the way of the transgressor is hard, for he had been recognized as an old theological student who had fallen from grace, committed crimes that had sent him to prison, and, having, as the reader is aware, crossed ere his sentence was out, had been sent back to a cell to meditate upon the brilliant career he had led in the New World as an impostor, and regret that he had not taken Merton Wilbur's advice and gone to a more congenial clime than England, for, having promised the evil man protection, and not to betray him, if he testified to the truth against the miser millionaire, he could not, in honor, deliver him up, as he richly deserved, for his crimes.

And Ezra Quilp, the miser, had one to prosecute him he little liked, for it was none other than Merton Wilbur, who had become District Attorney at the expiration of his predecessor's term, and his eloquence sent the wretched man, in spite of his money, to prison, and the public verdict was that "it served him right."

Of course the rumors that there were to be two weddings in high life set all the fashionable people on the *qui vive*; but when it was known that the belle and heiress, Isabel Lynde, was to marry a Jew, none other than Adolph Hugo, a millionaire banker, society was on the tip-toe of excitement, yet could find no word against the young man other than that he was not a Christian, and there were some who openly said that he lived a purer, better life than those who were.

The other wedding to be, was a poorer one, for the popular young District Attorney, Merton Wilbur, had looked over the heads of the Christian maidens and fallen in love with Jule, the Jewess, and the double wedding was to be celebrated at one and the same time.

And it was celebrated, with great pomp and splendor, and by a double ceremony, for both a Christian clergyman and a Jewish rabbi read the services of their respective churches.

And off on a bridal tour sped the happy quartette, to be gone for a month, but ere very long Adolph Hugo and his bride returned, for, strange to say, the health of the young wife began suddenly to fade.

And soon after Merton Wilbur and Jule were called home to see Isador Muir die.

But they arrived too late, for that strange character breathed his last ere he again gazed upon the face of his loved niece.

But to her he left his fortune, and his papers. And it was in looking over these latter one day, when alone, that Jule suddenly turned deadly pale at something she read.

Again and again she read it over, and then thrusting the paper into her bosom, hastily called for a servant.

"Order my carriage at once, Rachel," she said to her maid, and, by the time the vehicle came round to the door of the handsome home where she lived with her husband and mother, she was dressed for her drive.

"To Lynde Manor, Reuben, and drive in haste," she said to her coachman, and soon after she sprung out at the door of the mansion.

"How is Mrs. Hugo, Richards?" she asked, quickly, of the worthy old butler.

"Seems to be daily fading, miss, though none know why."

"I will go at once to her room," announced Jule, and the next moment she entered the handsome chamber, where Isabel indolently lay upon a lounge, idly toying with a costly, gemmed wedding gift that was fastened around her neck by a gold chain.

Warmly she welcomed the Jewess, and her pale face flushed slightly; but Jule hastily said:

"Isabel, I have come to care you, for I have discovered what the physicians have failed to do."

"What do you mean, Jule?" asked Isabel, languidly.

"I mean that I understand the nature of your disease; here, let me have that gemmed star."

"No, I have not taken it off since you clasped it around my neck, Jule, the day I was married."

"I will take it off, for I wish to examine it," and she did so.

Then she took from her bosom the paper she had thrust there, and which she had found among the effects of her uncle Isador Muir, and said:

"Isabel, you have often heard me speak of my strange kinsman, uncle Isador Muir."

"Yes."

"I have told you his sad history?"

"Yes; well?"

"He was a skilled jeweler, and also a chemist, and knowing these facts about him, and that he had a most revengeful nature, you will understand what I now read to you, and which is a leaf from his diary of many years ago."

"It is as follows, and in a secret cipher which he taught me one day:

"Paid almost my last dollar to-day for the gems to fit in my revenge present."

"It will be most beautiful, and the poisons I have so set in the rays of the star that they will do their deadly work and none ever believe that I caused the death of Salome Monica, and revenged myself upon her for discarding me and becoming the wife of Marcus Hugo."

"Great God! Jule, what does this mean?" cried Isabel, in alarm.

"It means, Isabel, that my poor uncle so hated the woman he once loved that he never forgave her, and sought revenge upon her son, your husband, through me."

"This is his wedding-present to her long years ago, and she died with a disease none could fathom."

"She was poisoned by this ill-omened star, as you are being day by day, and he gave it to me to give to you, that he might see you die, and thus gloat in his revenge upon Adolph Hugo."

"Now, Isabel, I take back this gift of ill-omen, and, thank God, in time to save you, and, when next Merton takes me for a sail in his yacht, you go, too, and far down in the sea will I send it never more to do harm."

"Now come, rouse out of your indisposition, for the cause is removed; but, Isabel, for the sake of the dead, let this secret be buried between you and I."

Isabel was deeply affected by all she had heard; but already did she seem to feel better, and casting off the presence of gloom upon her, she roused herself to liveliness, and greatly was her husband cheered when he found her in such high spirits upon his return home.

From that day her health improved, and then she knew, indeed, that but for Jule's discovery of the cipher diary she would have met her death, the victim of Isador Muir's revenge.

And Jule, the Jewess, kept her word, for one pleasant afternoon, when Merton Wilbur's yacht, The Jewess, was bounding along in a race around the Lightship off Sandy Hook, down into the depths of the sea sunk from sight the "Star of Ill-omen."

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TWO REMARKABLE HEROES.

The Deadwood Dicks, Senior and Junior, are the Gentlemen.

There Have Already Been Ninety Volumes Published Relating to Their Astounding Courage, Coolness and Skill

In only one sense of the word can it be regarded as a novel statement when the fact is here recorded that literature has given many heroes to the world, and perhaps more than one reader will have to think a moment over this remark before the subtle delicacy of its genial wit strikes home.

But it is most essentially a half dime novel statement that will be news to many when it is added that literature, if traced from the dimly distant days when Adam was a mere child down to the present day, would show but few heroes that in the eyes of boyhood would be even judged worthy of comparison with the two greatest heroes known to American literature, or, to promptly reveal them, Deadwood Dick and Deadwood Dick, Jr.

Perhaps if everything were known of his career in bookland, Robinson Crusoe would rank above any hero ever offered to the boys of the world, for Robinson made his appearance a long time ago and his adventures have been translated into pretty nearly all the languages that are printable; but while Robinson is and ever will be a worthy personage, he is, it is to be feared, most decidedly a back number in the eyes of several millions of the boys and young men of to-day.

And then, too, Robinson's reputation was made and safely anchored to leeward at a time when competition in the manufacture of heroes of juvenile literature was so slack that it is scarcely worth mentioning. Had he postponed his debut until to-day, Robinson would have had to hire a press agent, of the very objectionable type known as a hustler, and even with that assistance the odds are that he would have experienced a severe frost.

Robinson, like many other bygone characters calculated to thrill the juvenile mind, labored under the disadvantage of having only a comparatively few adventures, and he was further very heavily handicapped by having to confine his adventures within the narrow circles of probability and common sense. The modern heroes of fiction for young America, who are now as countless as the sands of the sea, and of whom the Deadwood Dicks are much the most important, are not trammelled by any such confined conditions, and with the bars let down admitting them to the boundless expanse of the utterly impossible, it is but natural that their unnaturalness should bear away the palm of popularity, and such as Robinson be left far behind in the race.

Therefore the statement of the surpassing prominence of the two Deadwood Dicks having been so emphatically made, it will be as well to justify the emphasis with some facts about their history from a bookseller's point of view, before plunging into the seething vortex of their recorded lives.

Deadwood Dick made his first appearance before the public in 1877, under the auspices of Beadle & Adams, the William street publishers of popular literature for the masses, and for fourteen years he or his son has been reappearing at intervals, which were at first irregular, but they have now settled down to a basis of once in six weeks.

It was in 1885 that Deadwood Dick the elder made his final appearance after thirty-three volumes of adventure, and his son, Deadwood Dick, Jr., who had been growing up in them for many years, took up the running, and has kept it up to the tune of very nearly fifty volumes more in the six years that have passed since his remarkable father was buried.

During the fourteen years they have been on the market these stories have been sold at five cents a volume, and the circulation they have attained throughout the length and breadth of the land, has been in the aggregate something truly vast, for the entire series is kept constantly in print, and many of the early issues are now enjoying a sale of their twenty-seventh or thirtieth edition.

It can be easily believed, therefore, that the two Dicks are so firmly engrafted on the tree of popular literature for boys and young men, that their position is assured so long as their author can keep it up, and that they stand to-day head and shoulders above all rivals in the eyes of the public for which they have lived, and for which one of them has died.

American boyhood, and that is a tremendous factor in the land, now knows Deadwood Dick, Jr., a good deal better than it knows its catechism, and millions of young minds absorb the thrilling incidents of his career in his everlasting warfare against crime and his never-ending solving of impenetrable mysteries.

Millions of boys follow his stealthy footsteps as he tracks his vicious victims to their undoing, and then, when the victims are thoroughly undone, the millions wait hungrily for the next volume, which on every sixth Tuesday appears with the certainty of the Tuesday itself, and a new set of delightful thrills go thrilling away from Maine to California.

Mr. Victor, the courteous editor for Beadle and Adams, who told *The Evening Sun* what it wished to know about the history of the two Dicks, said that he had often had his attention called to what

are known as Deadwood Dick clubs, which are organizations consisting of from three to a dozen boys, who take turns in buying the Deadwood Dick novels as they appear, and reading them in rotation, so that in the case, for instance, of a club of six members, each member would be kept thoroughly informed of his pet hero's latest doings, at a cost of only five cents once in thirty-six weeks, while when nine of these economical young enthusiasts pool their issues in the same direction a nickel will serve the purpose for a whole year.

Mr. Victor, in his curious and interesting task of editing this phase of the literature of the day for one of the most extensive publishing houses in the business, has weighed the question carefully, and finds that a volume once in six weeks is just about the amount of Deadwood Dick, Jr., that his countless admirers can comfortably absorb and digest.

In England, too, this extraordinary series of eighty volumes telling of the doings of father and son has been republished for years, to the infinite delight of the boys and youths of Great Britain and the solid satisfaction of the London publishers that had the pleasure of thus getting square with America on the piracy question.

"When I received the first Deadwood Dick story," said Mr. Victor, "I was struck with the freshness of the author's style, and after toying it down a little sent it to the printers. The story made a hit and I accepted another and another until we found that the character was becoming unusually popular among our patrons."

"I kept urging the author to make the stories less terrifically forcible in the language of his rougher characters, and gradually the sulphurous nature of their dialogues became moderate enough to need but little editing, and at the same time the torrents of liquor that flowed like rivers through his earlier manuscripts, dwindled to rivulets under the influence of my appeals for less rum."

"The author urged the absolute truth of both the language and the amount of whisky-drinking that he attributed to his characters, but I begged in the interests of morality that the flow of both one and the other be curbed, and of course the stories were none the worse for his doing so."

"Deadwood Dick, himself, was also gradually reformed and changed from the outlawed terror of the law-abiding to the deadly foe of the law breakers, and when once that transformation was achieved his subsequent course in the path of virtue was an assured success."

"True, the path was a somewhat rocky, bloody and dangerous one; but no one who follows him along its various ups and downs can doubt its virtue, and from that virtue he never deviated."

The full and official list of the titles of this remarkable series would fill at least a column of *The Evening Sun*. It contains some real gems in the way of names calculated to attract the youth in search of a thrill. For instance there is Deadwood Dick's Device; or, The Sign of the Double Cross. A Wild, Strange Tale of the Leadville Mines—of Men of Steel—of Toughs and Tigers—of Road-agents, Regulators, Avengers, Adventurers, and of the Thrilling Life in the New Eldorado.

Can any one deny the comprehensiveness of that or his probable power of seducing nickels from the pockets of novel-reading boys? Then there are a number of delightfully alliterative titles, such as Deadwood Dick's Defiance, or, the Double Daggers; and Deadwood Dick's Double, or, the Ghost of Gorgon's Gulch. Peculiarly fetching, too, in their forceful effect on the small boy's pocket money must be Deadwood Dick on Deck; or, Calamity Jane, the Heroine of Whoop Up; Deadwood Dick's Dead Deal; or, Captain Crackshot, the Girl Brigand; Deadwood Dick's Death Trail; Deadwood Dick's Death Plant, and Deadwood Dick's Diamonds. In the selection of localities for his adventures Deadwood Dick, Jr., shows far more desire for variety than the old man ever did, for he has volumes that relate his remarkable doings in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Rochester, Buffalo, San Francisco, Denver, Galveston, Leadville, and even at Coney Island. The titles of the younger hero's volumes show that he met with and got the better of swindlers, bunco men, counterfeiters, bank robbers, horse thieves, smugglers, pirates, stage robbers, and, indeed, pretty nearly every sort of criminal known to the police, while his father confined himself almost exclusively to rooting out the Western type of bad men. Progress has, therefore, a worthy representative in Deadwood Dick the younger.

It is surely not necessary to add that in the moderate compass of a newspaper article, only the merest shadow of justice can be done to the careers of any heroes that have had such an extraordinary collection of stories as that written about them. If a month or so were given to a careful reader for the task, he might, with the assistance of a double-entry bookkeeper, tabulate the number of blood-curdling episodes that occur in the eighty volumes, together

with the exact number of persons who are shot, stabbed, hanged and removed in sundry less conventional borderland ways, such as being tossed into quicksands, burned in the tops of forest giants, fed to bears or made to try and walk on tight ropes across bottomless chasms.

The final summary would be something appalling in its gory magnitude, and would form a record of slaughter that would shame the battle of Gettysburg, but it might prove a source of entertainment to some idle person of a sanguinary turn of mind, and so the idea is suggested here.

The variety of duels in these stories is another source of wonder to the reader, and it must be acknowledged that Mr. Wheeler has as prolific an imagination as it is possible to conceive. Every volume of the series fairly bristles with episodes of a nature that makes those related in the more ordinary 10 cent or 5-cent stories seem as mild as hotel milk, and hotel milk has been pronounced by scientists to be the mildest object in nature.

In coming face to face with the notes of a variety of episodes and adventures in the books which the writer made as he hurriedly went through the eighty volumes, and which he hoped to utilize in this article, an overpowering sense of having bucked up against the impossible rears its dread front and mocks the man who dared to face the task of doing justice to the subject.

Once or twice a flowing beaker of moxie, or nerve food, has been tossed off, and with grim determination the struggle made to sift the material on hand and condense it into something like a reasonable shape.

With a heartfelt sigh the colossal task has, however, been reluctantly abandoned. There are the eighty volumes each so crowded with thrills and heart-tugs that it were madness to hope to do justice to them collectively and rank injustice to discriminate between them. The three larger pictures illustrating this article have been selected at random from eighty just as interesting, and the smaller ones are portraits of Deadwood Dick, his wife, Calamity Jane, and Deadwood Dick, Jr.

To abandon the idea of giving a few extracts from their lives causes infinite pain, but if once start were made in that direction, it would be cruel to *The Evening Sun's* readers to stop, and it is therefore better not to relate one single adventure. Suffice it to say that the stories are clean and well written, and until the glut of gore and supernatural courage and success of the heroes becomes indigestible to the ordinary mind, there is much amusement to be found in adventures of the Deadwood Dicks.

The small boy and his larger brother have minds attuned by nature to absorb the music of the constant flow of villains' blood and the never-ceasing cracking of rifles and revolvers that keep the silence in a perpetual state of unrest throughout the Deadwood Dick series, but it is not so with a more mature mind, and unless you are a small boy or a youth prone to admire the terrifically heroic in literature, you are advised not to purchase the entire eighty volumes, but to try a sample here and there from the list. If you are a small boy, or the other fellow you doubtless know more about it than the writer, and so don't want any advice on the subject.

As a parting tribute to Mr. Wheeler, the owner of the brain that has evolved and continues to evolve the most popular boys' stories of the day, it is but fair to add, and an interesting fact as well, that he has also found time to dash off some novels about Cloven Hoof, the Buffalo Demon; Bob Woolf, the Girl Dead-Shot; Death-Face, Detective; Old Avalanche; Wild Edna, the Girl Brigand; Jim Bludsoe, Jr., the Boy Phoenix; Buckhorn Bill; Gold Rifle, the Sharpshooter; Rosebud Rob; Nugget Ned; Idyl, the Girl Miner; Photograph Phil; Canada Chet; Watch-Eye; Jack Hoyle, the Young Speculator; Gilt-Edged Dick, the Sport Detective; Cinnamon Chip, the Girl Sport; Bonanza Bill; Boss Bob, the King of Bootblacks; Solid Sam, the Boy Road Agent; Captain Ferret, the New York Detective; New York Nell, the Boy-Girl Detective; Nobby Nick of Nevada; Wild Frank, the Buckskin Bravo; Fritz, the Bound Boy Detective; Snoozer, the Boy Sharp; Apollo Bill, the Trail Tornado; Cyclone Kit, the Young Gladiator; Sierra Sam, the Frontier Ferret; Jumbo Joe, the Boy Patrol; Denver Doll, the Detective Queen; Turk, the Boy Ferret; A No. 1, the Dashing Toll-taker; Liza Jane, the Girl Miner; Kelley, Hickey & Co., the Detectives of Philadelphia; Little Quick Shot; Kangaroo Kit, the Mysterious Miner; Manhattan Mike, the Bowery Blood; First-class Fred; Yreka Jim, the Gold Gatherer; Nabob Ned; Cool Kit, the King of Kids; Bicycle Ben; Wrinkles, the Night Watch Detective; High Hat Harry, the Baseball Detective; Sam Slabsides, the Beggar Boy Detective; Jim Beak and Pal, Private Detectives; and Santa Fe Sal, the Slasher.

He may therefore be pronounced the Storyteller from Storytellersville, and the Deadwood Dick stories will be his towering monument.

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